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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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WHAT YOU WISH US IS ONE THING; WHAT YOU WILL GIVE US IS ANOTHER.

Mother Earth. "Well, what have you in store for my children this year?"

"Par excellence the Children's Magazine."
—St. Louis Republican.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number is of a seasonable holiday character, and contains two Christmas stories—"Number 101," by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *and the first part of "The Minister's Barrel," by* MRS. W. J. HAYS. *The latter furnishes the subject for a front-page illustration by* FREDERIC DIELMAN.

A reproduction of TIEPOLO'S *picture of*

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"

is accompanied by an article by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MR. HOWARD PYLE'S *illustrated fairy tales having proved so popular, they will be continued at short intervals during the ensuing year. The title of the one printed in the current number is "How Three Went Out Into ye Wide World."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for 1886 will surpass, in richness of illustration and variety of entertaining reading matter, all its predecessors, thus strengthening the position it has already won in many thousands of homes both in America and abroad.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886.

THE EX-SOLDIERS AND THE NEW YORK REFORM LAW.

THE civil service law of New York provides that persons who have been honorably discharged from the army or navy shall not be disqualified from holding any position because of age or physical disability, except of a kind which incapacitates them for the proper discharge of the duties of the position sought, and that such persons shall be preferred for appointment over other persons of equal standing as ascertained under the act. What is the preference here intended? This question has become an important one. Last year the EARL bill sought to relieve such persons of any examination whatever. The object was evident. It was to nullify the law and to enable bosses to secure the appointment of favorites. Had it passed, few capable persons would have cared to enter into a competition the result of which could be at once set aside in favor of an ex-soldier or ex-sailor, without regard to other considerations. The EARL bill was adopted by an immense vote in the Assembly, but by skillful parliamenteering it was defeated in the Senate. During the summer the State Commission was called upon to interpret the preference for which the law provided, and it held that the phrase equal standing applied not to all persons who pass the minimum, but to those at the head of the list who are certified for appointment. That is to say, the preference given to the soldier is, first, his relief from the requirement of age; second, from that of physical ability; and third, that if, with these advantages, he appears among the three certified as highest, he shall be selected.

This degree of preference is not acceptable to the Veteran Association, and it will present a bill providing in substance that if ex-soldiers and sailors pass the minimum at the examination, they shall be certified before all others. The advantage secured to them will thus be freedom from the requirements of age and ability, and precedence of all other persons upon the eligible list. That is to say, the bill substitutes for ex-soldiers and sailors, as against other applicants, a pass examination for a competitive examination. With the utmost desire to do all just honor to the veterans, and to favor them in every fair way, but holding in view the principle and the purpose of reform, this proposition seems to us to be open to two serious objections. First, the method of ascertaining equal standing under the act is competition, and it is conceded that to require merely a pass examination is really to annul competition, because the principle of a competitive examination is strictly to find the most proficient, and that principle is modified in the State law so far as to apply to the three most proficient. A pass examination differs from a competitive examination in this, that it requires candidates to pass a certain line or minimum, and makes all who pass eligible. The objection to it is that when passing a minimum and not approaching the maximum is the essential requirement, there is a constant and resistless tendency to lower the minimum until it becomes merely a form and really excludes nobody. It is true that it is proposed to certify the ex-soldiers and sailors in the order of their standing, beginning with the highest; but if there should be fifty persons who pass a minimum of 65, and one of them should be a soldier who stands at the foot of the list, say at 65, he would take precedence of all the forty-nine whose standing ranges from 65 to 100.

In point of fact the proportion of applicants who are ex-soldiers and sailors is large, and their standing as a class is higher than that of others. This fact, shown from the official records, disposes of the assertion that the law at present discriminates against them. The modification of the law in the manner proposed, therefore, would tend to exclude others, however admirably qualified, from the public service. The second consequence and objection is that the relaxation of the principle to favor a particular class would greatly facilitate its relaxation to favor other classes. The argument that there is no other such class is sound, but it does not meet the objection, because the claim of each class is different. But once establish the precedent that there are claims not arising from the technical or other character of the service which may properly set aside the competitive principle, and the first step, which is the most difficult, is taken toward the overthrow of the law. This is the obvious and fair view of the proposition from the principle of reform. It is exceedingly unjust to say that it shows hostility to the veterans. When a law has been passed in plain obedience to a strong and wholly non-partisan public conviction to reform great abuses in the public service, and a proposition is made to abandon its essential safeguard in gratitude to a most honorable and meritorious class of citizens, the complete reply is that their unquestionable deserts ought certainly to be rewarded, but in some other way than by weakening necessary and useful laws to aid them.

THE NEW RULES.

THE new rules were adopted by the House by an immense majority. The vote was 227 to 70, and there were but 27 members absent. An analysis of the vote shows that of the 227 ayes, 126 were Democrats, and 101 Republicans; and of the 70 nays, 42 were Democrats, and 28 Republicans. The change was therefore effected by Republican votes. So far as it will facilitate the transaction of business, the change will be approved. But the distribution of the duties of the Appropriation Committee among many committees is a change which—as Mr. MCKINLEY said is "admitted all over"—will stimulate extravagance. The true view was strongly urged upon Republicans by Mr. LONG, of Massachusetts, and Mr. MCKINLEY, of Ohio, and the votes of these gentlemen, with those of Mr. PHELPS, of New Jersey, and a few others in opposition to the scheme, represent the better Republican view.

The Republican aid in effecting the change can hardly have been due to any conviction that it would facilitate the transaction of business, or that it would tend to promote economy in expenditure. It was undoubtedly designed, as we stated last week, to foment trouble in the Democratic camp. Mr. RANDALL and Mr. MORRISON are rival chiefs, and they are both very positive men. The position that Mr. RANDALL has held and still holds in his party, and the zeal with which he led the opposition to the change, make his overwhelming defeat a signal humiliation. The details of the vote show the division of party sentiment upon a question which, among its other aspects, presents the rivalry of the Speaker and the ex-Speaker. And such an event at the opening of the session will not produce the utmost harmony in the Democratic councils. Indeed, the Republican minority is much more favorably situated than the majority for a party contest. It has not the responsibility of legislation, and it is largely harmonious. Its leaders are Mr. REED, of Maine, Mr. HISCOCK, of New York, and the three gentlemen already mentioned, Messrs. LONG, MCKINLEY, and PHELPS. Their personal differences, whatever they may be, will not interfere with unity of party action, and the long habit of mastery gives the minority a fortunate self-confidence.

But that the Republicans have acted wisely in aiding Mr. MORRISON and the Speaker to humiliate Mr. RANDALL has yet to appear. It is not a happy time for mere party tactics to widen a Democratic breach, because the country cares nothing for such a game, however skillfully played, but cares very much for increased expenditure. Should this prove to be the result, the analysis of the vote shows that the Republicans will have made it possible, and they will not be able to hold the Democrats to account. If, again, the Republican purpose was to prevent a surplus by promoting extravagance, and so defeat any plan for reducing the revenue, the course was equally mistaken. It is not an argument for popular support of a party that the party policy requires public extravagance and vast expenditure. If, again, the Republican object had been to simplify the rules so that the majority could have its way more easily, and, having more rope, hang itself more speedily, that object could have been attained without the distribution of appropriations. The change has been ratified by the Republicans, who have assumed the responsibility for the consequences, which will be awaited with interest, and the Republican action will not be forgotten in future political campaigns.

IN THE SENATE.

THE order of the Senate that all nominations shall be printed in the *Record* is an admirable one, and it would be of great public service if the condition first laid down in the Brooklyn rules of Mayor LOW, that recommendatory letters might be published at the discretion of the appointing power, should be made the basis of general practice. Every man ought to be willing that it should be known that he has recommended a particular person for public employment. It is not a private affair. He is asking to have his neighbor's business, as a member of the community, intrusted to a certain agent, and his neighbors have a right to know who has urged the appointment. The letter is a matter involving the public welfare, and the public has a right to know. Were such a rule adopted, the number of recommendations would be greatly reduced, for every man would consider carefully before writing. Those who sign every petition, and write for every one who asks for a letter, would be relieved of a very onerous task.

The bill introduced by Senator HAMPTON, making it a penal offense for members of Congress to act as office brokers, will hardly pass. But it has a very strong support in public opinion. Senators are said to have smiled when it was presented. But every Senator who attempts to influence nominations upon which he is officially to pass invites corrupt collusion with the Executive. Presumably his sense of honor forbids such interference. If it does not, he could not be expected to vote for a bill which his own conduct makes necessary. The extraordinary confusion of mind which the organized abuse of patronage has produced is well illustrated by the reported conduct of Mr. O'DONNELL, a Representative from Michigan, who called upon the Postmaster-General and "insisted that it was a right of a member of Congress to inspect the papers regarding offices in his district"; and if not a right, then an immemorial usage. The Constitution and common-sense carefully separate the legislative and the executive authority, and give a Representative no more right to interfere with appointments than to command the army or navy. It is merely an immemorial abuse.

The case is very different with Senators. They are constitutional participants in appointments. This fact, which makes their recommendation and solicitation with the Executive a gross impropriety, authorizes them to require complete knowledge of the circumstances when they are asked to consent to removals. The President, indeed, may reply that he acts upon his responsibility, but the Senate may decline merely to register his wishes. It is very characteristic of the frank and direct methods of President CLEVELAND that he is reported to have communicated to the Senate in response to its request his reasons for suspending an officer, and to have invited Republican Senators to apprise him of any real objections to an appointment which might be known to them. The President, more than any conspicuous public man, has the courage of his opinions, and he would not hesitate to state the reasons of a public act to those who, in his judgment, have the right to inquire. His conduct in this respect is another title to the confidence of the country. Meanwhile if the Senate should inquire carefully into the character and fitness of nominations, as is reported to be its intention, it would do no more than its duty. But with such an inquiry party opinion has no concern, and as the rejection of a nomination under such circumstances would necessarily leave a stigma upon the reputation of the rejected person, the Senate is morally bound to exercise the utmost care.

MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

MR. GLADSTONE'S position upon the Irish question is the subject of profound and universal interest in England, and apparently it involves the integrity of the Liberal party. What his precise position actually is, however, is not yet known. In the midst of the amazement and excitement he published a statement that he was "bound to none of the ideas respecting home rule for Ireland" recently announced in his name. The peculiar phraseology may have meant not that the ideas attributed to him were not entertained by him, but that he was not bound to them, not unalterably committed to them. The *Spectator*, one of his ablest, most constant, and most reasonable friends and supporters, deplores the general plan which he was said to favor, and argued that it led necessarily to the disintegration of the empire. Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposal, as reported and understood, is an Irish Parliament empowered to legislate upon Irish affairs, but with guarantees for the unity of the empire, the authority of the crown, and the supremacy of Parliament.

The details of the scheme are, of course, conjectural. The important point would be the definition of the two Parliamentary powers. If the Irish Legislature may act without revision of its action, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament would be very seriously abridged. To say that it will have the same kind of authority as Congress is to forget that Congress never had the absolute authority over any State which Parliament holds over Ireland. There might be, indeed, a concession of certain parts of its supremacy, but that would be a surrender, and, so far, an abandonment of the existing imperial authority. It is not easy to see how an arrangement which leaves the unity of the empire, the authority of the crown, and the supremacy of Parliament untouched could be acceptable to the Irish leaders. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how they are to be satisfied, except by some substantial concession of the

kind. There are most serious considerations in every aspect of the question. Thus the obligations of the government to the minority in Ireland can not be overlooked. Are they to be abandoned to the pleasure of the nationalists? Must not an actual Irish Parliament governing the island lead to a practical alienation of interest and feeling which will be equivalent to secession, and so England be brought face to face with a substantially foreign state in her dominions?

Undoubtedly many such questions arise in any consideration of the subject. But at this distance it seems that great actual concessions, wholly foreign to English traditions and pride, must be made if a peaceful settlement of the Irish question is to be secured. A few remedial statutes will not avail. The gravity of the situation is such that unless the island is to be held by force of arms as a crown colony, its independent local government in a large sense must be acknowledged. The uproar around Mr. GLADSTONE, and even the possible rupture of his party, would not probably dismay him, nor drive him from a course which seems to him under all the circumstances the best. State events of such gravity shake parties and sever friends. The repeal of the corn laws cost Sir ROBERT PEEL the friendship of vast bodies of good men—his fellow-citizens. But repeal of the corn laws was a much less momentous question than a repeal of the Irish union. We do not doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE'S courage is equal to his conviction, and the statesman who is not able to endure a pitiless storm of vituperation must not take the initiative of fundamental change in state policy.

LIGHT WANTED UPON THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

SOME weeks since we had occasion to comment upon "a very pretty job" in the form of sanitary precaution. The Health Officer of New York had ordered the disinfection of all rags not disinfected abroad to his satisfaction, and there is only one process here in operation that he will accept, and that is a strict monopoly. The Quarantine Commissioners were in sympathy with the Health Officer, but the public protest against the job was so vigorous that they promised to ask the Health Officer to find some adequate process of disinfection which is neither a secret nor a monopoly. We have not learned, however, that their efforts have been crowned with success, but, on the contrary, one of the Commissioners, ex-Senator PLATT, is understood to be the strongest "worker" for Mr. ERWIN as Speaker of the Assembly. As Speaker ERWIN last year left the chair of the Assembly with a reputation which was not superior to that of the body over which he presided, the question naturally arises whether his election would promise relentless hostility to jobbery of every kind, or whether it would not in every way protect and favor the rag-disinfecting ring.

Mr. DAVID W. JUDD, one of the Quarantine Commissioners, who does not sympathize in this matter of disinfection with his colleague Mr. PLATT, and the Health Officer, wrote, some time since, a letter to the *Evening Post*, to which we alluded as a strong protest against the disinfecting monopoly. Commissioner JUDD states in that letter "that the present quarantine system is a fraud upon tax-payers of the State and upon the commerce of the port of New York," and he asks why, since the Collector, the Naval Officer, and the Surveyor receive stated salaries, should the Health Officer of the port receive more than $50,000 for boarding foreign vessels alone—a receipt independent of numberless other charges? Mr. JUDD justly asks why, with the enormous revenue received in quarantine, should there be every year a very large appropriation by the State for its maintenance?

The Health Officer's fees are by far the largest in the State, and large fees under our system of appointment constantly tend to become corruption funds. Mr. JUDD makes no personal accusation whatever, but he says in his letter plainly that the Quarantine Commissioners could provide in fifteen minutes for disinfecting rags in a way to prevent cholera instead of making money. He is a witness to the opportunities and conditions of the Quarantine system whose testimony is most important. He insists that the Quarantine can be made and should be made self-sustaining. The facts that he mentions, the existence of the rag-disinfecting monopoly and ring, the evident interest of the ring in the election of Mr. ERWIN as Speaker, all show that it is high time for the Legislature to interfere; first, by selecting another Speaker than Mr. ERWIN; and second, by a thorough investigation of the whole Quarantine system. The present Commissioners are holding over, and the Governor will nominate their successors. Should the Republican Senate refuse to confirm because of partisan reasons, and the abuses which are now possible and probable at the Quarantine should be thereby protected, Congress would be properly asked for relief. The investigation would reveal the corrupt tendency of enormous public salaries, and with results advantageous to the community in other quarters than the Quarantine.

PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA.

AN epidemic of mad dogs is hardly to be feared, even if the isolated cases of the appearance of such animals when aggregated should make a large number. But public attention is naturally drawn to the subject at this time by the incident of the children who were bitten in Newark, and who have been sent to Paris for treatment by PASTEUR. He began his experiments upon dogs in 1882, and it was not until last July that he began to inoculate human beings.

The first case was that of an Alsacian boy, JOSEPH MEISTER, nine years old, and the treatment was successful. Since then PASTEUR has treated about one hundred and fourteen cases, and has now twenty under treatment, and all doing well. There is nothing improbable or irrational in the theory, and it is most desirable that it should be fully tested.

This is now likely to be done in the cases of the Newark boys by a happy thought of Dr. BILLINGS. The dog which bit them also bit other dogs, and Dr. BILLINGS secured six of the animals, and has secluded them under constant observation. Their condition will test the efficacy of the treatment. If the dogs should show no sign of madness, the freedom of the children from the malady would prove nothing, as the fair conclusion would be that the dog which bit them was not really and dangerously mad. But should the dogs develop hydrophobia and die, and the children remain unaffected, the value of PASTEUR'S process would be incontestably established. The result of this experiment will be watched with very great interest.

MR. EVARTS'S FIRST SPEECH IN THE SENATE.

THE first speech of Senator EVARTS, from New York, commanded unusual attention. It is not customary for a newly elected Senator to take a prominent part in an important debate so early in the term of his service. But Mr. EVARTS disarmed unfriendly comment at the outset by saying that it was a subject to which he had had occasion to devote especial attention; and a Senator of mature years and of known ability, who has served the country in the highest offices, may well be heeded when he speaks to a point of constitutional interpretation.

Mr. EVARTS'S speech was a plain argument addressed wholly to the intelligence of the Senate, and although brief, it was very forcible. He held that the Constitution contemplates a certain periodicity in the recurrence of the Presidential term, which is essential to the proper and harmonious movement of the system, and that it intends to deprive Congress of all part, and especially of all discretionary power, in the election of the President. The duty devolved upon the House voting by States to elect the President in a certain contingency he holds to be given to it as a rough and ready substitute for a Convention of the States, but that it is not devolved upon it as a proper Congressional function. This was strongly put, and the brief reply to Mr. EDMUNDS was sound upon the main point of withholding the election from the control of Congress.

The appearance of Mr. EVARTS in the Senate is the advent of a well-equipped member whose opinion upon fundamental questions of this kind will be necessarily weighty, and a contention between him and Mr. EDMUNDS will be always interesting as the contest of two acute and trained minds, a debate worthy of the arena.

THE PURITAN FESTIVAL.

THE satisfaction with which the sons of the Pilgrims annually recall the qualities and achievements of the Puritans, and hold high festival upon Forefathers' Day—whatever day it truly be—is always tempered by a suggestion from some orator of their own degeneracy. This year, at the dinner in New York, the suggestion was made with eloquence and vigor and pungency by the Rev. Dr. PAXTON, who, in celebrating "the old-fashioned man of God," drew rather a gloomy picture of the living children of that personage, possibly as corroborating the old and familiar saying that the minister's son is the worst imp in the parish. Dr. PAXTON said that the road of godliness, courage, and civic duty is not a popular road nowadays, and he pretty plainly intimated that we are a morally flabby and emasculated set of descendants of the sturdy old men of God.

But we are disposed to believe that the sturdy men of God are as numerous as ever they were, that there is quite as much moral and political independence as ever, and that both the ideals and the attainments of human society are as lofty and as beneficent as they were three centuries ago. Indeed, one of the proofs of it is that despite such ridicule and stinging contempt of that independence as mere "refinement" and "manner" and "culture" as was illustrated in the Doctor's speech, it still powerfully asserts itself, and is no more afraid of obloquy and sneers and denunciation than it was when it took the form of the Puritan protest in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The patriotic devotion of the young men of twenty years ago in this country was worthy of the old Puritans, and was of the same character as theirs. The form, indeed, was different, but the spirit was the same. The fine eulogy of General GRANT by General HORACE PORTER was received by the sons of New England with heart-felt feeling and admiration. But surely a time which produces GRANT is not a degenerate time.

There could, indeed, be no surer proof of the decline of the best quality of Puritanism—its conscientious self-reliance—than the growth of a tendency to belittle as over-refinement and dudism the disposition to insist upon honesty in public affairs and public men, even at the cost of party ties and associations. Admiration of the Puritan spirit and force in destroying despotism in the English government does not require admiration of the Barebones Parliament. The constancy of the Puritan was not a stolid adhesion to a name, or a form, or a party; it was uncompromising fidelity to a principle, and sturdy independence in following that principle wherever the conscience of the individual showed him that it led. There was never a truer Puritan than GARRISON when he refused to sit in the World's Antislavery Convention in London because it excluded women, or CHARLES SUMNER when, obedient to his own conscience, and not to a party command, he refused to support his party action in 1872. While that spirit endures, Puritan pluck survives.

PERSONAL.

OF Mr. F. S. CHURCH'S very remarkable fantasy in the Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which represents an American girl in the midst of a group of good-natured dancing bears, the Omaha *Herald* says: "The delicate grace and beauty of the girl and the grotesquerie of her queer ursine companions present an artistic contrast at once striking and humorous, while the spirit of the picture—the idea of universal harmony and merriment in the happy Christmas-tide—is simply exquisite. Mr. CHURCH'S individuality has already made for him a permanent place among America's best artists, and every succeeding work from his lively pencil only asserts his rightful prominence with increased force. Without flattery or danger of contradiction the statement can be made that HARPER'S WEEKLY surpasses any holiday attempt of the past in this sterling pictorial publication. The illustrations are of a degree of art never before reached, and even the cover is an unusually rich artistic design."

—Professor LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the eminent historian, reached his ninetieth year, at Berlin, on the 21st of December. In honor of the occasion the Crown Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM was present among the *élite* of Berlin society, and the Emperor WILLIAM and the Empress AUGUSTA each sent an autograph congratulatory letter, together with their portraits, while the members of the cabinet forwarded a collective letter of congratulation, and delegates from the various German universities made speeches to which the Professor replied. The energies of the historian are still given to his great work, the *Universal History*, which he hopes to complete in three years, and which has been received in the highest literary quarters with an appreciation awarded to no other contemporaneous historical work whatsoever.

—Dr. DANIEL G. BRINTON has been announced as Laureate of the Société Américaine de France for 1885, and awarded the medal of the society, for his works on the Aboriginal tongues of America.

—The architect of Mr. CHARLES A. POTTER'S house, at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, has produced a novel effect by giving to the trimmings of the parlor the tint of charred wood. It was an altogether accidental result, the wood having been primed with a light coat of black, which turned out to be so satisfactory that it was allowed to remain without change.

—A New-Yorker, who was a policeman at the time of the burning of Barnum's Museum, on the site of the present *Herald* building, recalls the fact that soon after the fire broke out, he, with several others, rushed into the interior, took the sea-lion—which was simply a large seal—by the fins, and was dragging it out along the pavement, when the animal suddenly tore off about a square foot of his trousers, and put him in such fear of his life that he relinquished his hold, and was content to see his friends escort him around the corner. He declares that the roaring of the sea-lion was something magnificent.

—In the new chapter of his autobiography Mr. RUSKIN describes his father's counting-house in London as a room about fifteen feet by twenty, including desks for two clerks, and a small cupboard for sherry samples on the first floor, with a larger room opposite for private receptions of elegant visitors, or the serving of a chop for himself if he had to stay late in town. The bell-handle was brightly scrubbed by the single female servant in charge of the establishment, but visitors were expected to announce themselves by the knocker, with a flourish in proportion to their eminence in society.

—A photographer was asked the other day what was the most difficult subject to take. "An old man with the palsy," he replied; "and the easiest is a light-haired baby dressed in white, which can be taken more quickly than any other subject whatever." Being further questioned as to whether or not he ever took any horrible subjects, he answered, "Often; and the most horrible one I ever took was a dead Japanese."

—At Chester, Delaware, not long ago, two negroes were put in the pillory for some misdemeanor, and an enterprising photographer made a view of them, which he proposes to circulate as a relic of barbarism. The two men appear standing on a platform about ten feet above the ground, their heads and arms being held fast in three parallel openings of a thick plank. In order to give zest to the scene, a third negro is being flogged just beneath the platform, his hands being tied up to the post that supports it.

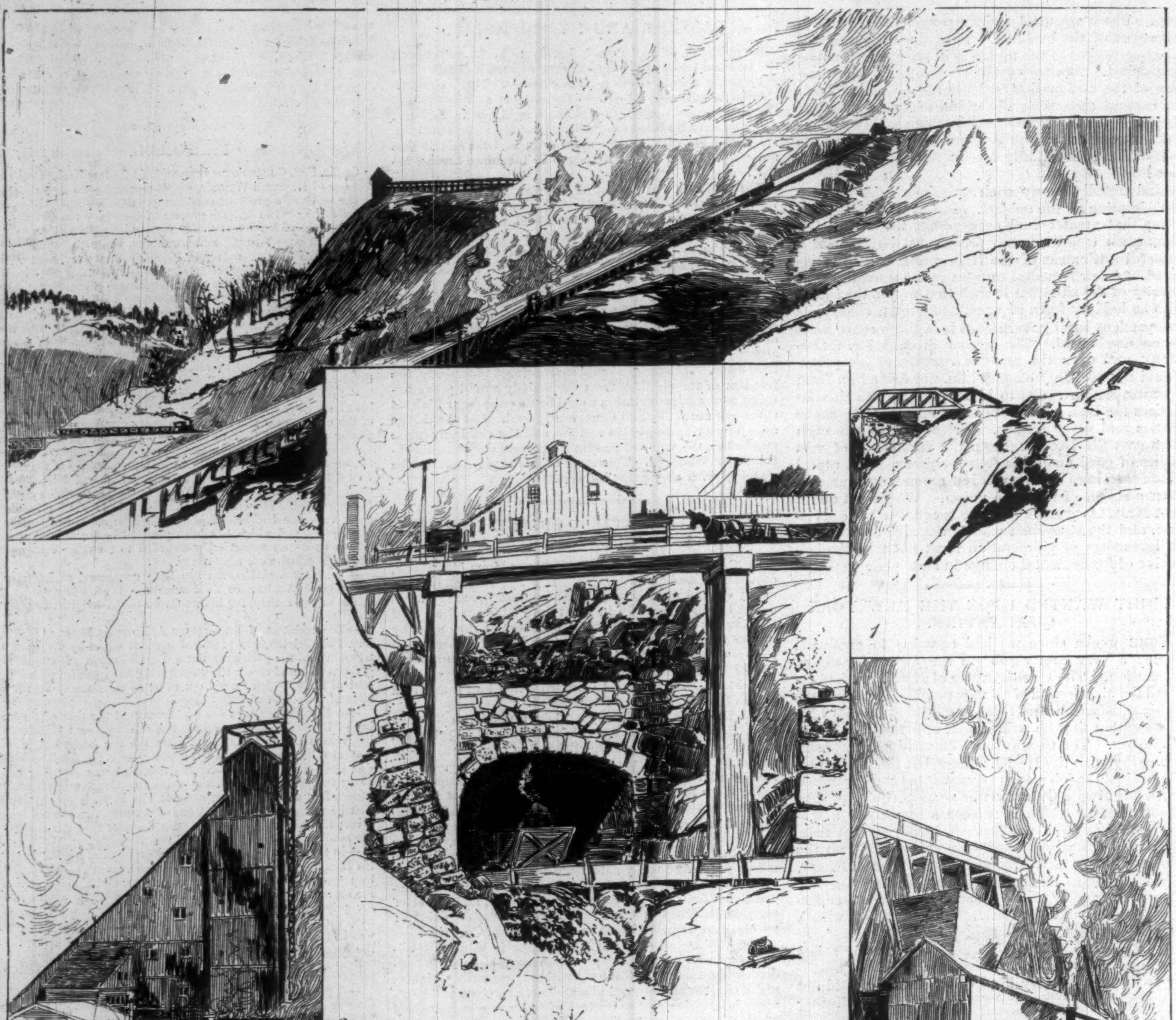
—The *Pall Mall Gazette* is mistaken in supposing that the late Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT was "one of the most successful prominent New-Yorkers in eluding the interviewer." Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is authority for the statement that Mr. VANDERBILT was usually glad to see "the gentlemen of the press," and many a New York reporter will confirm his words.

—General ARTHUR, owing to insomnia, has until recently been in the habit of trying to read himself to sleep when in bed; but not very long ago, having placed a pitcher of ice-water beside him on retiring, he awoke to find that he had unconsciously upset the pitcher, and emptied its chilling contents upon his bed. It being too late to call a servant, he managed to worry through the night as best he could, and the next morning said to the proprietor of the hotel where he was stopping: "Suppose that it had been a lighted lamp that I upset last night in my sleep, instead of a pitcher of cold water. I might have set the bed and the house on fire. Henceforward I shall never again read myself to sleep at night."

—President McCOSH has been sending to the alumni of Princeton College an autographic circular concerning what the *New Princeton Review* is to be, in which he announces that the intention is to "help you to keep up and carry on the knowledge literary and scientific acquired by you at college." He adds that he expects the alumni loyally to sustain their alma mater, whose colors are borne on the cover of the new periodical.

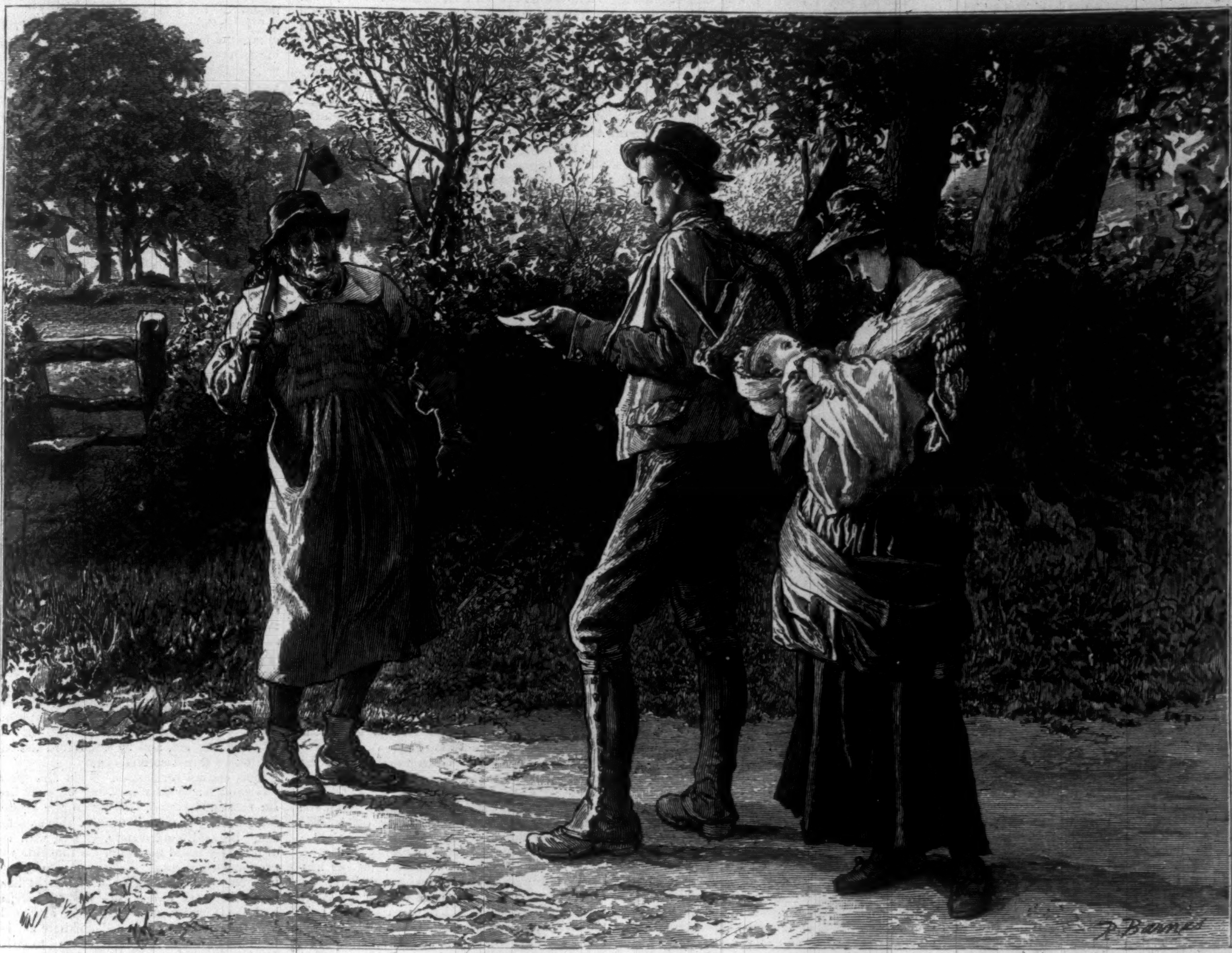
—Mr. THEODORE THOMAS'S trouble with the Musical Union, because he imported an oboe-player from Europe, and employed him before his residence in this country had lasted six months, has created fresh sympathy not only for himself, but for his orchestra, which the public want to be as good as it can be; and Mr. THOMAS is a person of such determination that they expect him to carry his point.

—Miss MARGARET MATHER, now approaching her seventy-fifth performance of Juliet at the Union Square theatre, is undoubtedly a tragic actress rather than a *comédienne*. She has real force in tragedy, but her love-making is inferior to that of the late Miss ADELAIDE NEILSON in the same part. Her speech to Romeo from the balcony has none of the conversational charm which was so admirable in that of her distinguished predecessor; but when she has swallowed the contents of the vial, she produces a profound sensation by walking up three steps to the window whence Romeo has taken his departure, and then suddenly falling prostrate along the top step, and rolling over and over down to the floor, until she stops, flat on her back, in the centre of the room. Miss DAVENPORT as Fedora never beat this.



THE NANTICOKE MINING DISASTER.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 11.]

1. Culm Pile. 2. Entrance to No. 1 Slope. 3. No. 2 Shaft and No. 5 Breaker. 4. Fan-house. 5. Cave-in on Culm Pile.



"'Any trade doing here?' he asked, phlegmatically, designating the village in his van by a wave of the broadsheet."

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

One evening of late summer, before the present century had reached middle age, a young man and woman, the latter carrying a child, were approaching the large village of Weydon Priors on foot. They were plainly but not ill clad, though the thick hoar of dust which had accumulated on their shoes and clothing from an obviously long journey lent a disadvantageous shabbiness to their appearance just now that did not belong to it in ordinary times.

The man was of fine figure, swarthy, and stern in aspect; and he showed in profile a facial angle so slightly inclined as to be almost perpendicular. He wore a short jacket of brown corduroy, newer than the remainder of his suit, which was a fustian waistcoat with white horn buttons, breeches of the same, tanned leggings, and a straw hat overlaid with black glazed canvas. At his back he carried by a looped strap a rush basket, from which protruded at one end the crutch of a hay knife, a wimble for hay bonds being also visible in the aperture. His measured, springless walk was the walk of the skilled countryman, as distinct from the desultory shamble of the general laborer, while in the turn and plant of each foot there was, further, a dogged, cynical indifference, personal to himself, showing itself even in the regularly interchanging folds of his leggings, now in the left knee, now in the right, as he paced along.

What was really peculiar, however, in this couple's progress, and would have attracted the attention of any casual observer otherwise disposed to overlook them, was the perfect silence they preserved. They walked side by side in such a way as to suggest afar off the low, easy, confidential chat of people wrapt in reciprocity; but on closer view it could be discerned that the man was reading, or pretending to read, a ballad sheet, which he kept before his eyes with some difficulty by the hand that was passed through the basket strap. Whether this apparent cause were the real cause, or whether it were an assumed one to escape an intercourse that would have been irksome to him, nobody but himself could have said precisely; but his taciturnity was unbroken, and the woman enjoyed no society whatever from his presence. Virtually she walked the highway alone, save for the child she bore. Sometimes the man's bent elbow almost touched her shoulder, for she kept as close to his side as was possible without actual contact; but she seemed to have no idea of taking his arm, nor he of offering it, and far from exhibiting surprise at his ignoring silence, she appeared to receive it as a natural thing. If any word at all was uttered by the little group, it was an occasional whisper of the woman to the child—a little girl in short clothes and blue boots of knitted yarn—and the murmured babble of the child in reply.

The chief—almost the only—attraction of the young woman's face was what was imparted to it by its mobility. When she looked down sideways to the girl she became pretty, and even handsome, particularly that in the action her features caught slantwise the rays of the strongly colored sun, which made transparencies of her eyelashes and nostrils, and set fire on her lips. When she plodded on in the shade of the hedge, silently thinking, she had the hard, half-apathetic expression of one who deems anything possible at the hands of Time and Chance, except perhaps fair play. The first phase was the outcome of nature, the second probably of civilization.

That the man and woman were husband and wife, and the parents of the girl in arms, there could be little doubt. No other than such relationship would have accounted for the distinctive atmosphere of domesticity which the trio carried along with them like a nimbus as they moved down the road.

The wife mostly kept her eyes fixed ahead, though with little interest—the scene, for that matter, being one that might have been matched at almost any spot in any county in England at this time of the year: a road neither straight nor crooked, neither level nor hilly, bordered by hedges, trees, and other vegetation, which had entered the blackened-green stage of color that the doomed leaves pass through on their way to dingy and yellow and red. The grassy margin of the bank and the nearest hedgerow leaves were powdered by the dust that had been stirred over them by hasty vehicles, the same dust as it lay on the road deadening their footfalls like a carpet; and this, with the aforesaid total absence of conversation, allowed every extraneous sound to be heard.

For a long time there was none, beyond the voice of a weak bird singing a trite old evening song that might doubtless have been heard on the same hill, at the same hour, and with the selfsame trills, high quavers, and low breves, at any sunset of that season for the last thousand years. But as they approached the village, sundry distant shouts and rattles reached their ears from some elevated spot in that direction, as yet screened from view by foliage. When the outlying houses of Weydon Priors could just be descried, the family group was met by a turnip-hoer with his implement on his shoulder, and his dinner bag suspended therefrom. Whatever the husband's absorption in his sheet of ballads, it did not render him unconscious of the laborer's approach; and as soon as they nearly confronted each other, the reader promptly glanced up.

"Any trade doing here?" he asked, phlegmatically, designating the village in his van by a wave of the broadsheet. And thinking the laborer did not understand him, he added, "Anything in the hay-trussing line?"

"Hay-trussing?" said the turnip-hoer, who had already begun shaking his head. "Oh no. Why, save the man! what wisdom's in fashion that 'a should come to Weydon for a job of that sort this time o' year? You be quite out of your bearings here if trussing is all ye can turn your hand to."

"Then is there any house to let—a little small new cottage just a-builded, or such like?" asked the other.

"No, faith. Pulling down is more the nater of Weydon," replied the pessimist. "There were five houses cleared away last year, and three this; and the fokes nowhere to go—no, not so much as a thatched hurdle; so that 'tis the way o' Weydon Priors, when any stranger comes among 'em with an eye to bide, to stare at him as cold as water."

The hay-trusser, which he obviously was, nodded with some superciliousness. Looking toward the village, he continued, "There is something going on here, however, is there not?"

"Oh, ay. 'Tis fair day. Though what you hear now is little more than the clatter and scurry of getting away the money o' children and fools, for the real business is done earlier than this. I've been working within sound o't all day, but I didn't go up—not I. 'Twas no business of mine. And now I'm for home along."

The trusser and his family proceeded on their way, and soon entered the fair field, which showed standing-places and pens where many hundreds of horses and sheep had been exhibited and sold in the forenoon, but were now in great part taken away. At present, as their informant had observed, but little real business remained on hand, the chief being the sale by auction of a few inferior animals, that could not otherwise be disposed of, and had been absolutely refused by the better class of visitors, who came and went early. Yet the crowd was denser now than during the morning hours, the frivolous contingent of frequenters, including journeymen out for a holiday, a stray soldier or two home on furlough, village shop-keepers, and the like, having latterly flocked in—persons whose activities found a congenial field among the peep-shows, toy stands, wax-work, inspired monsters, disinterested

medical men who travelled for the public good, thimble-riggers, knickknack venders, and readers of Fate.

Neither of the pedestrians under notice had much heart for these things, and they looked around for a refreshment tent among the many which dotted the down. Two, which stood nearest to them in the ochreous haze of expiring sunlight, seemed almost equally inviting. One was formed of new, milk-hued canvas, now kindled to orange on its western face, and bore red flags on its summit; it announced "Good Home-brewed Beer, Ale, and Cyder." The other was less new; a little iron stove-pipe came out of it at the back, and in front appeared the placard, "Good Furmity Sold Hear." The man mentally weighed the two inscriptions, and inclined to the former tent.

"No, no; the other one," said the woman. "I always like furmity, and so does Elizabeth Jane, and so will you. It is nourishing, after a long hard day."

"I've never tasted it," said the man. However, he gave way to her representations, and they entered the furmity booth forthwith.

A rather numerous company appeared within, seated at the long narrow tables that ran down the tent on each side. At the upper end stood a stove, containing a charcoal fire, over which hung a large three-legged crock, sufficiently polished round the rim to show that it was made of bell-metal. A hag-like creature of about fifty presided, in a white apron, which, as it threw an air of respectability over her as far as it extended, was made so wide as to reach nearly round her waist. She slowly stirred the contents of the pot. The dull scrape, scrape of her large spoon was audible throughout the tent as she thus kept from burning the mixture of corn in the grain, milk, raisins, currants, and what not, that composes the nourishing slop in which she dealt. Vessels holding the separate ingredients stood on a white-clothed table of boards and trestles close by.

The young man and woman ordered a basin each of the mixture, steaming hot, and sat down to consume it at leisure. This was very well so far, for furmity, as the woman had said, was nourishing, and as proper a food as could be obtained within the four seas; though, to those not accustomed to it, the grains of wheat, swollen as large as lemon pips, which floated on its surface, might have a deterrent effect at first.

But there was more in that tent than met the cursory glance; and the man, with the instinct of a perverse character, scented it quickly. After a mincing attack on his bowl he watched the hag's proceedings from the corner of his eye, and saw the game she played. He winked to her, and passed up his basin in reply to her nod; when she took a bottle from under the table, slyly measured out a quantity of its contents, and tipped the same into the man's furmity. The liquor poured in was rum. The man as slyly sent back money in payment.

He found the concoction, thus strongly laced, much more to his satisfaction than it had been in its natural state. His wife had observed the proceeding with much uneasiness, but he persuaded her to have hers laced also, and she agreed to a milder allowance, after some misgiving.

The man finished his basin, and called for another, the rum being signaled for in yet stronger proportion. The effect of it was soon apparent in his manner, and his wife but too sadly perceived that, in her strenuous avoidance of the Scylla of the licensed liquor tent, she had only got into Charybdean depths here amongst the smugglers.

The child began to prattle impatiently, and the wife more than once said to her husband: "Michael, how about our lodging? You know we may have trouble in getting it if we don't go soon."

But he turned a deaf ear to these bird-like chirpings. He talked loud to the company. The child's blue eyes, after slow, round, ruminating gazes at the candles when they were lighted, fell together; then they opened, then shut again, and she slept.

At the end of the first basin the man had risen to serenity. At the second he was jovial; at the third, argumentative; at the fourth, the points signified by the shape of his face, the occasional clinch of his mouth, and the fiery spark of his dark eye began to tell in his conduct: he was overbearing—even brilliantly quarrelsome.

The conversation took a high turn, as it often does on such occasions. The ruin of good men by bad wives, and, more particularly, the frustration of many a promising youth's high aims and hopes and the extinction of his energies by an early imprudent marriage, was the theme.

"I did for myself that way thoroughly," said the trusser, with a contemplative bitterness that was well-nigh resentful. "I married at eighteen, like a fool that I was; and this is the consequence o't." He pointed at himself and family with a wave of the hand intended to bring out the penuriousness of the exhibition.

The young woman, his wife, who seemed accustomed to such remarks, acted as if she did not hear them, and continued her intermittent private words on tender trifles to the sleeping and waking child, who was just big enough to be placed for a moment on the bench beside her when she wished to ease her arms. The man continued:

"I haven't more than fifteen shillings in the world, and yet I am a good experienced hand in my line. I'd challenge England to beat me in the fodder business; and if I were a free man again I'd be worth a thousand pound before I'd done o't. But a fellow never knows these little things till all chance of acting upon 'em is past."

The auctioneer selling the old horses in the field outside could be heard saying: "Now this is the last lot; now who'll take the last lot for a song? Shall I say forty shillings? 'Tis a very promising brood-mare, a trifle over five years old, and nothing the matter with the hoss at all, except that she's a little holler in the back, and had her left eye knocked out by the kick of another, her own sister, coming along the road."

"For my part, I don't see why men who have got wives, and don't want 'em, shouldn't get rid of 'em as these gypsy fellows do their old horses," said the man in the tent. "Why shouldn't they put 'em up and sell 'em by auction to men who are in want of such articles? Hey? Why, begad, I'd sell mine this minute, if anybody would buy her."

"There's them that would do that," some of the guests replied, looking at the woman, who was by no means ill-favored.

"True," said a smoking gentleman, whose coat had the fine polish about the collar, elbows, seams, and shoulder-blades that long-continued friction with oily products will produce, and which is usually more desired on furniture than on clothes. From his appearance he had possibly been in former time groom or coachman to some neighboring county family. "I've had my breedings in as good circles, I may say, as any man," he added, "and I know true cultivation, or nobody do; and I can declare she's got it—in the bone, mind ye, I say—as much as any female in the fair—though it may want a little bringing out." Then, crossing his legs, he resumed his pipe with a nicely adjusted gaze at a point in the tent canvas.

The fuddled young husband stared for a few seconds at this unexpected praise of his wife, half in doubt of the wisdom of his own attitude toward the possessor of such qualities. But he speedily lapsed into his former conviction, and said, harshly:

"Well, then, now is your chance; I am open to an offer for this gem of creation."

She turned to her husband and murmured: "Michael, you have talked this nonsense in public places before. A joke is a joke, but you may make it once too often, mind!"

"I know I've said it before; I meant it. All I want is a buyer."

At the moment a swallow, one among the last of the season, which had by chance found its way through an opening into the upper part of the tent, flew to and fro in quick curves above their heads, causing all eyes to follow it absently. In watching the bird till it made its escape the assembled company neglected to respond to the workman's offer, and the subject dropped.

But, a quarter of an hour later, the man, who had gone on lacing his furmity more and more heavily, though he was either so strong-minded or such an intrepid toper that he still appeared fairly sober, recurred to the old strain, as in a musical fantasy the instrument fetches up the original theme. "Here, I am waiting to know about this offer of mine. The woman is no good to me. Who'll have her?"

The company had by this time decidedly degenerated, and the renewed inquiry was received with a laugh of appreciation. The woman whispered; she was imploring and anxious. "Come, come, it is getting dark, and this nonsense won't do. If you don't come along, I shall go without you. Come!"

She waited, and waited, yet he did not move. In ten minutes the man broke in upon the desultory conversation of the furmity drinkers with: "I asked this question, and nobody answered to't. Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw among ye buy my goods?"

The woman's manner changed, and her face assumed the grim shape and color of which mention has been made.

"Mike! Mike!" said she, "this is getting serious. Oh—too serious!"

"Will anybody buy her?" said the man.

"I wish somebody would," said she, firmly. "Her present owner is not at all to her liking."

"Nor you to mine," said he. "So we are agreed about that. Gentlemen, you hear? It's an agreement to part. She shall take the girl if she wants to, and go her ways. I'll take my tools, and go my ways. 'Tis simple as Scripture history. Now, then, stand up, Susan, and show yourself."

"Don't, my chiel," whispered a buxom stay-lace dealer in voluminous petticoats, who sat near the woman. "Yer good man don't know what he's saying."

The woman, however, did stand up. "Now who's auctioneer?" cried the hay-trusser.

"I be," promptly answered a short man, with a nose resembling a copper knob, a damp voice, and eyes like button-holes. "Who'll make an offer for this lady?"

The woman looked on the ground, as if she maintained her position by a supreme effort of will.

"Five shillings," said some one, at which there was a laugh.

"No insults," said the husband. "Who'll say a guinea?"

Nobody answered; and the female dealer in stay-laces interposed.

"Behave yerself moral, good man, for Heaven's love! Ah, what a cruelty is the pore soul married to! Bed and board is dear at some figures, 'pon my 'vation 'tis!"

"Set it higher, auctioneer," said the trusser.

"Two guineas!" said the auctioneer; and no one replied.

"If they don't take her for that, in ten seconds they'll have to give more," said the husband. "Very well. Now, auctioneer, add another."

"Three guineas—going for three guineas!" said the rheumy man.

"No bid?" said the husband. "Good Lord! why, she's cost me fifty times the money, if a penny. Go on."

"Four guineas!" cried the auctioneer.

"I'll tell ye what—I won't sell her for less than five," said the husband, bringing down his fist so that the basins danced. "I'll sell her for five guineas to any man that will pay me the money and treat her well; and he shall have her for ever, and never hear ought o' me. But she sha'n't go for less. Now, then, five guineas, and she's yours. Susan, you agree?"

She bowed her head with absolute indifference.

"Five guineas," said the auctioneer, "or she'll be withdrawn. Do anybody give it? The last time. Yes or no?"

"Yes," said a voice from the doorway.

All eyes were turned. Standing in the triangular opening which formed the door of the tent was a sailor, who, unobserved by the rest, had arrived there within the last two or three minutes. A dead silence followed his affirmation.

"You say you do?" said the husband, staring at him.

"I say so," replied the sailor.

"Saying is one thing, and paying is another. Where's the money?"

The sailor hesitated a moment, looked anew at the woman, came in, unfolded a crisp piece of paper, and threw it down upon the table-cloth. It was a Bank of England note for five pounds. Upon the face of this he chinked down the shillings severally—one, two, three, four, five.

The sight of real money in full amount, in answer to a challenge for the same till then deemed slightly hypothetical, had a great effect upon the spectators. Their eyes became riveted upon the faces of the chief actors, and then upon the note, as it lay, weighted by the shillings, on the table.

Up to this moment it could not positively have been asserted that the man, in spite of his tantalizing declaration, was really in earnest. The spectators had, indeed, taken the proceedings throughout as a piece of mirthful irony carried to extremes, and had assumed that, being out of work, he was, as a consequence, out of temper with the world and society and his nearest kin. But with the demand and response of hard cash the jovial frivolity of the scene departed. A lurid color seemed to fill the tent and change the aspect of all therein. The mirth-wrinkles left the listeners' faces, and they waited with parting lips.

"Now," said the woman, breaking the silence, so that her low dry voice sounded quite loud, "before you go further, Michael, listen to me. If you touch that money, I and this girl go with the man. Mind, it is a joke no longer."

"A joke?—of course it is not a joke!" shouted her husband, his resentment rising at her suggestion. "I take the money; the sailor takes you. That's plain enough. It has been done elsewhere, and why not here?"

"'Tis quite on the understanding that the young woman is willing," said the sailor, blandly. "I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world."

"Faith, nor I," said her husband. "But she is willing, provided she can have the child. She said so only the other day when I talked o't!"

"That you swears?" said the sailor to her.

"I do," said she, after glancing at her husband's face and seeing no repentance there.

"Very well: she shall have the child, and the bargain's complete," said the trusser. He took the sailor's note and deliberately folded it, and put it with the shillings in a high remote pocket with an air of finality.

The sailor looked at the woman and smiled. "Come along!" he said, kindly. "The little one too—the more the merrier!" She paused for an instant, with a close glance at him. Then dropping her eyes again, and saying nothing, she took up the child and followed him as he made toward the door. On reaching it she turned, and pulling off her wedding ring flung it across the room in the hay-trusser's face.

"Mike," she said, "I've lived with thee a couple of years, and had nothing but temper. Now I'm no more to you; I'll try my luck elsewhere. 'Twill be better for me and the child, both. So good-by."

Seizing the sailor's arm with her right hand, and mounting the little girl on her left, she went out of the tent, sobbing bitterly, and apparently without a thought that she was not strictly bound to go with the man who had paid for her.

A stolid look of concern filled the husband's face, as if, after all, he had not quite anticipated this ending; and some of the guests laughed.

"Is she gone?" he said.

"Faith, ay; she's gone clane enough," said some rustics near the door.

He rose and walked to the entrance with the careful tread of one conscious of his alcoholic load. Some others followed, and they stood looking into the twilight. The difference between the peacefulness of inferior nature and the willful hostilities of mankind was very apparent at this place. In contrast with the harshness of the act just ended within the tent was the sight of several horses crossing their necks and rubbing each other lovingly as they waited in patience to be harnessed for the homeward journey. Outside the fair, in the valleys and woods, all was quiet. The sun had recently set, and the west heaven was hung with rosy cloud, which seemed permanent, yet slowly changed. To watch it was like looking at some grand feat of stagery from a darkened auditorium. In presence of this scene, after the other, there was a natural instinct to abjure man as the blot on an otherwise kindly universe, till it was remembered that all terrestrial conditions were intermittent, and that mankind might some night be innocently sleeping when these quiet objects were raging loud.

"Where do the sailor live?" asked a spectator, when they had vainly gazed around.

"God knows that," replied the man who had seen high life. "He's without doubt a stranger here."

"He came in about five minutes ago," said the furmity woman, joining the rest, with her hands on her hips. "And then 'a stepped back, and then 'a looked in again. I'm not a penny the better for him."

"Sarves the husband well be-right," said the stay-lace vender. "A comely, respectable body like her—what can a man want more? I glory in the woman's sperrit. I'd ha' done it myself, od send if I wouldn't, if a husband had behaved so to me! I'd go, and 'a might call, and call, till his keacorn was raw; but I'd never come back—no, not till the great trumpet, would I."

"Well, the woman will be better off," said another, of a more deliberative turn. "For sea-faring naters be very good shelter for shorn lambs wi', and the man do seem to have plenty of money, which is what she's not been used to lately, by all showings."

"Mark me—I'll not go after her!" said the trusser, returning doggedly to his seat. "Let her go. If she's up to such vagaries, she must suffer for 'em. She'd no business to take the maid—'tis my maid; and if it were the doing again, she shouldn't have her."

Perhaps from some little sense of having countenanced an indefensible proceeding, perhaps because it was late, the customers thinned away from the tent shortly after this episode. The man stretched his elbows forward on the table, leaned his face upon his arms, and soon began to snore. The furmity-seller decided to close for the night, and after seeing the rum bottles, milk, corn, raisins, etc., that remained on hand loaded into the cart, came to where the man reclined. She shook him, but could not wake him. As the tent was not to be struck that night, the fair continuing for two or three days, she decided to let the sleeper—who was obviously no tramp—stay where he was, and his basket with him. Extinguishing the last candle, and lowering the flap of the tent, she left it, and drove away.

CHAPTER II.

The morning sun was streaming through the crevices of the canvas when the man awoke. A warm glow pervaded the whole atmosphere of the marquee, and a single big blue fly buzzed musically round and round it. Besides the buzz of the fly there was not a sound. He looked about—at the benches, at the tables supported by trestles, at the basket of tools, at the stove where the furmity had been boiled, at the empty basins, at some shed grains of wheat, at the corks which dotted the grassy floor. Among the odds and ends he discerned a little shining object, and picked it up. It was his wife's ring.

A confused picture of the events of the previous evening seemed to come back to him, and he thrust his hand into his coat pocket. A rustling followed the act, and he discovered the sailor's bank-note thrust carelessly in.

This second verification of his dim memories was enough; he knew now they were not dreams. He remained seated, looking on the ground for some time. "I must get out of this as soon as I can," he said, deliberately, at last, with the air of one who could not catch his thoughts without pronouncing them. "She's gone—to be sure she is—gone with that sailor who bought her, and little Elizabeth Jane. We walked here, and I had the furmity, and rum in it, and sold her. Yes, that's what's happened, and here am I—I've been here all night. Now what am I to do? Am I sober enough to walk, I wonder?" He stood up, found that he was in fairly good condition for progress unincumbered. Next he shouldered his tool basket, and found he could carry it. Then lifting the tent door, he emerged into the open air.

Here the man looked around with gloomy curiosity. The freshness of the September morning inspired and braced him as he stood. He and his family had been weary when they arrived the night before, and they had observed but little of the place, so that he now beheld it as a new thing. It exhibited itself as the top of an open down, bounded on one extreme by a plantation, and approached by a winding road. At the bottom stood the village which lent its name to the upland and the annual fair that was held thereon. The spot stretched downward into valleys, and onward to other uplands, dotted with barrows, and trenched with the remains of prehistoric forts. The whole scene lay under the rays of a newly risen sun, which had not as yet dried a single blade of the heavily dewed grass, whereon the shadows of the yellow and red vans were projected far away, those thrown by the felloe of each wheel being elongated in shape to the orbit of a comet. All the gypsies and showmen who had remained on the ground lay snug within their carts and tents, or wrapped in horse-cloths under them, and were silent and still as death, with the exception of an occasional snore that revealed their presence. But the Seven Sleepers had a dog; and dogs of the mysterious breeds that vagrants own, that are as much like cats as dogs, and as much like foxes as cats, also lay about here. A little one started up under one of the carts, barked as a matter of principle, and quickly lay down again. He was the only positive spectator of the hay-trusser's exit from the Weydon fair field.

This seemed to accord with his desire. He went on in silent thought, unheeding the yellow-hammers which flitted about the hedges with straws in their bills, the crowns of the mushrooms, and the tinkling of local sheep bells, whose wearers had had the good fortune not to be included in the fair. When he reached a lane, a good mile from the scene of the previous evening, the man pitched his basket, and leaned upon a gate. A difficult problem or two occupied his mind.

"Did I tell my name to anybody last night, or didn't I tell my name?" he said to himself; and at last concluded that he did not. His general demeanor was enough to show how he was surprised and nettled that his wife had taken him so literally—as much could be seen in his face, and in the way he nibbled a straw which he pulled from the hedge. He knew that she must have been somewhat excited to do this; moreover, she must have believed in the binding force of the transaction. On this latter point he felt quite certain, knowing her freedom from levity of char-

acter, and the extreme simplicity of her intellect, which was far removed from strong, though not positively weak, as that word is usually understood in this connection. There may have been a little recklessness beneath her ordinary placidity. On a previous occasion, when he had declared during a fuddle that he would dispose of her as he had done, she had declared that she should not hear him say that many times more before it happened, in the resigned tones of a fatalist. . . . "Yet she knows I am not in my senses when I do that!" he exclaimed. "Well, I must walk about till I find her. . . . Seize her! why didn't she know better than bring me into this disgrace?" he roared out. "She wasn't queer, if I was. 'Tis like Susan to show such idiotic simplicity. Meek—that meekness has done me more harm than the bitterest temper."

When he was calmer he returned to his original conviction that he must somehow find her and his little Elizabeth Jane, and put up with the shame as best he could. It was of his own making, and he ought to bear it. But first he resolved to register an oath, a greater oath than he had ever sworn before; and to do it properly he required a fit place, for there was something fetichistic in this man's beliefs.

He shouldered his basket and moved on, casting his eyes inquisitively round upon the landscape as he walked, and at the distance of three or four miles perceived the roofs of a village and the tower of a church. He instantly made toward the latter object. The village was quite still, it being that motionless hour of rustic daily life which fills the interval between the rising and departure of the field-laborers to their work and the rising of their wives and daughters to prepare the breakfast for their return. Hence he reached the church without observation, and the door being only latched, he entered. The hay-trusser deposited his basket by the font, went up the nave till he reached the altar rails. Opening the gate, he entered the sacrarium, seemed to feel a sense of the strangeness for a moment, then knelt upon the foot-pace. Dropping his head upon the clamped book which lay on the communion-table, he said, aloud:

"I, Michael Henchard, on this morning of the sixteenth of September, do take an oath here in this solemn place that I will avoid all strong liquors for the space of twenty years to come, being a year for every year that I have lived. And this I swear upon the Book before me; and may I be stricken dumb, blind, and helpless if I break this my oath!"

When he had said it and kissed the big book, the hay-trusser arose, and seemed relieved at having made a start in a new direction. While standing in the porch a moment he saw a thick jet of blue smoke suddenly start up from the red chimney of a cottage near, and knew that the occupant had just lit her fire. He went round to the door, and the housewife agreed to prepare him some breakfast for a trifling payment, which was done. Then he started on the search for his wife and child.

The tantalizing nature of the undertaking became apparent soon enough. Though he examined, and inquired, and walked hither and thither day after day, no such characters as those he described had anywhere been seen since the evening of the fair. To add to the difficulty, he could gain no sound of the sailor's name. And as money was short with him, he decided, after some hesitation, to spend the sailor's money in the prosecution of this search; but it was equally in vain. The truth was that a certain shyness of revealing his conduct prevented Michael Henchard from following up the investigation with the loud hue and cry such a pursuit demanded to render it effectual; and it was probably for this reason that he obtained no clew, though everything was done by him that did not involve an explanation of the circumstances under which he had lost her.

Weeks counted up to months, and still he searched on, maintaining himself by small jobs of work in the intervals. By this time he had arrived at a Western sea-port, and there he derived intelligence that persons answering somewhat to his description had emigrated a little time before. Then he said he would search no longer, and that he would go and settle in the district which he had had for some time in his mind. Next day he started, journeying westward, and did not pause till he reached the town of Casterbridge, more than a hundred miles off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO SHOULD GO WEST?

IT is really pathetic to any one who has lived in the West to see the number of young men who annually go out there with a vague hope that they will somehow make their fortunes, only to find that they have reached the very place in which their qualities of mind and body least fit them for success. Many a man thinks himself a Pegasus solely because he shares the latter's unfortunate inability to draw a plough, and many a young fellow thinks he can succeed in the West merely because he is too feeble, restless, and indolent not to fail in the East. In reality a wild, new country calls for the existence of all the robuster and more virile virtues on the part of those who would try to live therein. The far West is the place of all others where the weak will most surely and quickly be pushed to the wall. In most Western towns there are a certain number of young Easterners to be found struggling along in a dismal way, often in really squalid poverty, and these are usually men who were originally brought up to mental, not physical, labor, and who have brought their wares to the precise market where there is no demand for them. They did not get along very well at home, so they came out West, with the result of exchanging an already moderately unsuccessful career for a flat and unqualified failure. A clerk who believes that his life is too narrow, a law student whose prospects are not very bright, a college boy who thinks he would like a career of adventure, a young fellow of limited means who "hasn't found any work he can take an interest in"—these are the very ones who make up the largest proportion of the failures in the West. Literary or artistic talent is of no use whatever out there; a taste for study or the possession of a higher education is not of much more service; and any predilection for luxury, intellectual or physical, is a positive disadvantage. It is true that a great many college graduates succeed in the West, but the qualities which insure their success have nothing whatever to do with the qualities which made them college graduates. Several of my classmates in Harvard are now successful ranchmen and first-class cow hands, exactly as another one of them has turned out to be a very able engine-driver; but I question if the former any more than the latter owe their success to their college training.

The man most apt to succeed in the West is he who knows a trade well or who is a skillful craftsman with his hands. An energetic, thrifty, hard-working young fellow who is a good carpenter or blacksmith will always find an opening, and if he labors as hard as he did in the East, will get along much faster. Of course I am not now speaking of such exceptional success as falls to the lot of a few of the men who go West, but of the chances opening themselves to the average man who possesses both push and honesty. It is always possible that a man may make a fortune by speculating in town lots, by striking pay gravel in mining, by having an unusual chance in cattle or sheep; but such instances as these stand on the same plane with the fortunes made in Wall Street. An exceptionally able speculator always runs a chance of making a fortune, West or East, and in both places he also runs at least a hundred chances of losing everything he has in the world. Men forget this, however; and those who, if they staid at home, would esteem themselves fortunate if they were able to earn a competence, become discontented in the West if they do not rapidly acquire great wealth. Take a man who tries farming in eastern Dakota, for example. A farmer's son, accustomed to work all day long on a sterile tract of New England land, which he will inherit mortgaged, and which, with all his efforts, he will only be able to make support himself and his family and pay enough interest to stave off foreclosure—such a one will vastly better himself by getting on a quarter or half section of the rich soil in the valley of the James or of the Red River of the North. He will work eight or ten hours a day instead of twelve or fourteen; he will live a little better, and have his property absolutely free from incumbrance; and after educating his sons and daughters he will have been able to put up a thousand dollars in the bank, perhaps very much more. But to make a fortune out of such a farm is an entirely different affair, and a man not already used to farming will find it hard enough to make a bare living.

A large number of young men from the cities and from the country districts of the East have recently taken to ranching. Many apparently think that this is a business needing no especial skill or training on the part of those who take it up. A greater mistake could not well be made. All over the plains there are now plenty of skilled cow hands—men who have been all their lives in the saddle, and who know every trait of the cattle they have to guard, and every phase of the wild life of the wilderness. An outsider, to compete with these men, must not only be naturally well fitted for the life, but he must also spend at least two years in downright hard drudgery learning the business. A great many young fellows—including, by-the-way, quite a fair proportion of clergymen's sons—have an idea that the life of a ranchman, from its very hardships and risks, must have a certain romantic attraction to it. So it has; but it is wonderful how the romance evaporates for many of these same young fellows after a couple of months spent in a muddy dug-out, with no amusements whatever, and on a steady diet of rancid bacon, sodden biscuits, and alkali water. Hardships are romantic enough in the abstract, but in the concrete cold, hunger, wet, dirt, and fatigue are not only annoying, but are also very prosaic. The risks, too, are by no means imaginary. The tyro will be far from enjoying the vicious, half-broken horses that will certainly fall to his lot; and he will find it no joke in the bitter winter weather to make his daily rounds over a country whose main features may be entirely changed by the snow, and where getting lost may mean death, while the long, dreary winter nights will as often as not be passed in shivering discomfort, and at the best will be unutterably monotonous. To sit in the saddle all day is not such hard work as to wield axe, spade, or hammer for the same length of time; but it is real work, nevertheless, and for the months during which the different round-ups take place it is always very severe, as well as being often both tame and irksome.

To be able to follow the business at all, the man must be made of fairly stern stuff. He must be stout and hardy; he must be quick to learn, and have a fair share of dogged resolution; and he must rapidly accustom himself to habits of complete self-reliance. If he wishes to lead a happy life, he must also be good-natured, for his companions will greet with the most merciless raillery the slightest timidity or clumsiness on the part of the beginner, and they are a class of men who will resent in the roughest and most effectual manner any exhibition of ill temper. Even after many months of patient practice it is rare that an Eastern-bred man attains to the perfection shown by the plainsmen in the actual cow-boy work, such as throwing the rope, stopping a stampede, breaking a rough horse, etc. To make up for his short-comings in these particulars, he must show especial excellence in other regards. He must work regularly, not by spasms; he must keep sober; must be always alert and ready, and willing to turn his hand to whatever comes up. Many of the most expert cow hands work irregularly, get drunk whenever they go into one of the frontier towns, and scorn to raise a finger except in the regular cow work. Some of these men have to be kept with all the large herds. It is a necessity, for instance, for every outfit of any size to have at least one first-class roper; but a man who is always on hand, always willing to do outside work, and who is perfectly trustworthy, has a value of his own, and will often be kept in preference to one who is less steady, though perhaps better up in the actual business.

As soon as a man becomes worth any wages whatever, he will find that he can at least live without having to spend but very little money—taking it for granted that he does not care for the coarse vices which masquerade as pleasures in the various raw frontier towns. He will soon be able to put by almost all of his wages, and if he is working for certain outfits, he will be encouraged to invest it in cattle, which will be turned in with the rest of the herd; for many owners wisely deem it advisable that the men working for them should have a personal interest in the well-being of the ranch. At any rate, after a couple of years, he will be certain to see some chance for himself. If he has a little money to start with, or is promised some by his friends, he should follow precisely the same course as if he had none. For at least a couple of years he should not spend a penny except to actually keep himself alive, and during that time he should work as hard and as faithfully as if he had nothing to look to beyond his wages. He will then be able to go into the business knowing it thoroughly, and will not pay for his experience with his capital.

Altogether, a ranch is not the place for any man who is either feeble, or irresolute, or unaccustomed to out-door life. But while I would advise such to stay in the East, and while I think that a ne'er-do-well who doesn't like work will amount to as little in one place as another, I at the same time most strongly believe that active, energetic young men, without much capital, but with stout hearts and sound bodies, can usually very much better their condition by going West. They would probably get along moderately well even in the East, but in the West their progress will be infinitely more rapid. And in almost every Eastern family there will be one or two members who are square pegs in round holes; they have a genuine taste for adventure and rough work, and a genuine willingness to endure hardship, coupled with an intense loathing for the decorous hopelessness of the office or the counting-room. Kept at home, they may never amount to anything, and will probably, in the revolt against their surroundings, end by going to the bad entirely; whereas, if turned adrift in the West to shift for themselves, they would be very apt to carve out for themselves honorable and useful careers. For such men, of bold, free spirit, yet with balance and self-control, the West is the place of all others; and indeed so it is for any one of the brotherhood of hard-workers who happens to be short of money, but is willing to put both heart and body into whatever he undertakes, and who in addition possesses that most valuable of all qualities, "horse sense."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE REV. SAM P. JONES.

THIS successful evangelist, who may already be described as famous, at least in the South, was born in Alabama, but has spent nearly all his days in Georgia. He is under forty years of age, and lived until thirteen years ago an erratic life. His father was a lawyer, successful in his profession, of good social position, and esteemed by his friends as a consistent Christian. The son adopted his father's profession, but, unlike him, was dissipated in his habits. The evangelist in his public addresses speaks of this part of his life with entire candor, and confesses his worthlessness to his family and society. Intemperate and addicted to gambling, he seemed to himself to be on the point of ruin, when he was brought to serious thought by his father's death. The story runs that, overcome by his father's appeals, "the prodigal boy fell down at the death-bed, saying: 'I'll quit, I'll quit. God be merciful to me!'"

This change in both the inward and outward shaping of his conduct occurred in or about 1871. Sensible of the dangers which he had so narrowly escaped, he began to warn others. So great was his revulsion from his old life that his pictures of it were drawn with terrible power. He became noted at once for the severity with which he spoke of the common vices of society, and censured the inconsistencies of Christians. Often he gave great offense, irritated and angered his hearers, but his persistence and sincerity uniformly secured him the victory over passion and prejudice. As is often the custom among Methodists, especially in the South, he was sent as a raw beginner to learn the art of preaching on a hard circuit, and by this is meant a number of congregations mostly composed of the poor, and with a slender prospect for a liberal support of the preacher. This was in 1872, the year when he entered the North Georgia Conference of the Southern Methodist Church. It very soon became apparent that SAM JONES had, to an extraordinary degree, the power of arresting and holding the attention of his hearers. He had perfectly at command the homely dialect of the common folk; though always serious, yet when a slang phrase suited his purpose it never came amiss. And so it has continued to this day; his speech is the most upright and downright Anglo-Saxon conceivable. But other and higher qualities enter into his make-up as a public speaker. Wit, sarcasm, playful humor, a lively fancy which occasionally casts over his theme the light of beauty, all concur in making him persuasive with men.

By the time eight years were past, SAM JONES became well known as a powerful evangelist, and his services were sought for in every part of the State. His Conference, therefore, gave him a general commission as the agent of its Orphans' Home. The Home was in distress for want of money; it was his business to meet the people wherever they would open the way for his coming, and to take collections for its relief. On these terms all Georgia was ready to receive him. The Home was soon relieved, made more commodious, and put upon a career of prosperity. In reading this incident the student of history naturally thinks of WHITEFIELD'S Orphan Home in Georgia a century or more ago, and of his journeys up and down the colonies to raise funds for its maintenance. The parallel is slight enough, perhaps, but the North Georgia Conference has shown wisdom in giving the Rev. SAM JONES a responsible position, and at the same time granting him full liberty to answer the calls for service which multiply on every side.

In person Mr. JONES is tall, though under six feet, spare, but well proportioned. In speech he is deliberate, never seeming to be in haste to express his thought, but rather holding it well in hand for effective delivery. When his audience is shaken with laughter, he waits till the laugh is over, and then strikes home. Like all masters of human feeling, he makes sudden transitions from humor to pathos. But the quality most apparent in his discourses is his intense earnestness. It is evident in an instant that he thoroughly believes the message which he has for the people, and that he is aiming at a complete renovation of their lives and characters. Some of his sayings, though not especially novel, have the merit of compactness, and are worth quoting: "What is culture worth, if it is but the whitewash of a rascal?" "I can not bribe God's Grand Jury, nor defy the Court that tries me at the last day." "One sin is enough to cut the soul adrift from God." "You don't believe what you don't see: did you ever see your backbone?" "Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs." "It is a principle in the economy of God that just what you feed other people on, the devil makes you feed on, and out of the same spoon."

Mr. JONES has lately been travelling through the South, taking with him a large tent which will afford sittings for two or three thousand persons. Wherever his tent is pitched, the crowds flock to him. From May 10 to 30 last, his tent services in the city of Nashville were attended by all classes of citizens, and the testimonies to their usefulness from the Nashville pastors are of the most emphatic kind.

MAYOR O'BRIEN, OF BOSTON.

HUGH O'BRIEN was re-elected Mayor of Boston on Tuesday, December 15, by the quite unusual majority of 8577. The election was of peculiar significance, inasmuch as Mr. O'BRIEN had but recently avowed his thorough belief in the policy of civil service reform, and was known as an ardent supporter of the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND. He is an Irishman by birth, and is about fifty-five years of age. He was brought to this country by his parents, who were in humble circumstances, when only five years of age, and made his way steadily by industry to a position of respectability. For many years he was a butcher and provision dealer in Boston, and took a more or less active part in politics, but always with credit to himself. He was a member of the Common Council, and then of the Board of Aldermen in Boston, being re-elected to the latter position several times. A year ago he was nominated for Mayor by the Democrats against a Republican already in office, who had made a good record and was supported as a citizens' candidate, and was elected by a majority of something over three thousand. This was due in part to the exceptional strength developed by the Democrats of Boston last year in the Presidential contest, and it was regarded as a purely party triumph. On entering upon the office at the beginning of the year, Mr. O'BRIEN at once began to display great independence of character and a straightforward determination to perform his duties in the interest of the public and not that of the ward politicians. The attitude which he assumed aided materially in securing legislation which greatly increased the power and responsibilities of the Mayor of Boston. He proved himself fully equal to the new demands of the office, promptly removing a Superintendent of Schools who was believed to be guilty of corruption and extravagance, and reorganizing the Water Board, which had produced a scandal by some of its transactions in acquiring lands for the city. All his efforts were directed to securing greater economy and efficiency in the municipal administration. His course produced considerable opposition among the worst elements of his own party, but not enough to defeat his renomination, while it brought to his support many Independents and Republicans, including ex-Mayor HENRY L. PIERCE. It was after his nomination and before his re-election that he attended the dinner given by the Reform Club of Boston in honor of DORMAN B. EATON, and unequivocally avowed his faith in the cause of civil service reform. His vote, as compared with that of the previous year, showed a loss in the strong Democratic wards and a decided gain in those where the Republican voters are in a majority. Of his election he is quoted as saying: "The best elements of both parties and all parties, men who believe that public office is a public trust to be administered honestly, faithfully, and on business principles, are the men who stand behind me."

GATHERING CHRISTMAS LAUREL.—Drawn by Frederic Dielman.

MY DAY.

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year too, for it was the 21st of December.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon, I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day, and that it's a piece of impertinent curiosity to peep at him when he's rising and at his toilet: he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour?

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs, and sent them ringing together, with such an icy jewelled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer, with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life: the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, with gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snow-flake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Christmas was so near, the first I had spent out of my own old home, so empty now; and Father Christmas, when he comes to us with a changed face, has the saddest of all looks. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And so—

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a sharper clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his: "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning: I am going in search of foxtail and crow-foot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting Christmas evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and—"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old Christmas feeling about you. You must forgive me if I can not help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, as I could not help glancing up to see. And before, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muff was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

"Miss Deane—Annie—I *can* help you—with my whole life, Annie!"

And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart?

I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crow-foot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder, I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come another day for some—there was plenty of time before Christmas—but to-day's in-gatherings I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house, and paused together in the porch. For this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood there together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomfited me to see how his face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted it.

"Annie—"

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought—he was always so quick to understand—for he said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a shadow; afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through them.

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which in view of Christmas cheer grew more and more frequent under old Lethe's able administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, between the naked oaks, when presently I caught sight of something moving across their shadows flung stiff and dark against the white.

"Some one is coming," I said, breaking the happy silence. "A lady, I thought—though I wonder who it could be, walking."

"What a bore!"

"Oh, she'll not be shown in here, and unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance—"

Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window: some one on sufficiently unceremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the Christmas wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly: if I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever seen—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouqué-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after-knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others' pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere,

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath the sea blue"—

eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were here, perhaps; that you were often here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too then: the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost.

And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He answered her slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me.

"Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty; and you were so very impecunious at that time, I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with a sweet graciousness of manner, while her eyes, alive with mocking spirits, looked me through and through.

"My husband is a little remiss at introductions, so I find I must make myself known to you, as I see you are one of his friends. Every one has a skeleton in his closet, you know, and I present you to Brian's."

She made a playful courtesy as she spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days there. And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage—a real, true German baron; and we went away to Vienna to live. But first I died; for one must die—must not one?—to get into paradise. Brian would never have let me go there alive, so I sent him a lock of my hair and a little scrawling death-bed note inclosed in a letter from mamma's maid, who had helped us to run away the year before. You remember Fifine, Brian? She has come over with me now. Such a clever soul! I can't tell how I should ever, without her, have managed to keep myself informed of your movements, and of course I had to do that, for all widowers aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know—"

He interrupted her, hoarse with passion: "And how do I know that you—"

"Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that were not just what my step-father and I quarrelled about! After dear mamma died—she died last year" (with a pretty, plaintive fall in voice and eyelids, come and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look)—"he was quite set on making a match for me; and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life in my own way; but after she was gone, the step-papa became just a little difficult. And so— Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the prettiest pleading way. If I had been a man—

But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:

"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon—"

There he broke off huskily. He had not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow, which the waning sunset cast between us.

But—how I had the strength I do not know—but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is there woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some people who never outgrow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their careless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and be friends afterward. And then I turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"I am sure you will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now."

Our hands met for one instant—not our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone.

My day was over; twilight darkened in the window, gray and blank.

And after twilight?

Just a paragraph in a book I have been turning over by my solitary fireside to-night has set me thinking of all this. It says:

"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live in, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners in the heart unwarmed, but, like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."

AN AUDIENCE WITH PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

By BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

The outbreak of hostilities in the Balkan peninsula has made Prince Alexander of Bulgaria the most prominent figure for the moment in European politics. Ever since the Berlin Treaty, a result of the Russo-Turkish war, there has been a steadily growing discontent among the Bulgarians, not only in the new principality north of the Balkans which bears the name of Bulgaria, but in East Roumelia, lying south of the Balkans. The division of all Bulgaria into these two countries was an act of Beaconsfield, strongly supported, if not originated, by Austria, which saw in a divided Bulgaria some prospect of carrying her authority down to the Bosporus, and thus counteracting the Russian designs. There was no more ground, as a matter of exact justice, in dividing Bulgaria than there would be in cutting asunder Massachusetts or New York by an artificial line drawn midway across either State. From the moment this act of injustice was done, the Bulgarians of both sides of the Balkans longed for reunion. They organized patriotic societies, not only in Bulgaria proper, but even in Bucharest, the Roumanian capital. When matters became ripe for revolt, and the growth of the Bulgarian love for unity was no longer to be resisted, Prince Alexander took the lead, and declared that East Roumelia should come out from under Turkish suzerainty, and be united with Bulgaria. He issued a manifesto that the country was one, and that he was Prince of the Bulgarias, from Macedonia in the south to the Danube in the north.

The result of this act was to bring on a war. Turkey was cautious. But Servia, which joins Bulgaria on the west, saw in the act a measure calculated to interfere with her own aspirations, and, no doubt with the fullest encouragement from Austria, invaded Bulgarian territory, with the disastrous results that are already familiar to the public.

Alexander has so far proved a strong character, and eminently adapted to the organization of his new country. His relation to the Protestant bodies laboring among the Bulgarians was important, and shortly after his accession to the throne an event occurred which augured but little good to one mission in particular—that of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. In Sistov the teachers and pioneers, notably the Rev. Stephen Thornoff and Professor Ecmouroff, were arrested and thrust into prison.

In October, 1884, the session of this mission took place in Rustchuk, on the bank of the Danube. It was my official duty to meet the members of the mission, and to confer with them concerning their plans for the following year. Mention was made of the propriety of conferring with Prince Alexander—who was making a short stay in Rustchuk—and of explaining the objects of our work, so that our plans should be perfectly understood. He has a palace in Rustchuk, a plain and large building near the bank of the Danube, and spends about a fortnight each year there. At this time his sister, the Princess of Battenberg, was with him. One of the missionaries made inquiries at his palace, of his Chamberlain, if an application for an audience would be acceptable. Without any ceremony he received the request, and inquired if Sunday would suit me. I replied that another time would be preferable. He then set Saturday evening, at half past six, as the time for the audience. Professor Ecmouroff accompanied me. A number of guards in heavy uniform stood at the entrance to the court. They seemed to be informed of the coming of the two visitors, for they exhibited the utmost courtesy, and stepped back to allow us ingress to the main door. A messenger stood in waiting, who reported our arrival. The Chamberlain immediately appeared, and recognized my companion as a former fellow-student in Robert College, Constantinople. We were led up to the second floor, where a servant took charge of our wraps.

The Chamberlain conducted us to the Prince's cabinet, or working room, which had all the appearance of a busy ruler's taste. Newspapers and magazines from western Europe were scattered here and there over a large table. No guard was present, and even the Chamberlain left the room. I stated the object of my visit. Our mission had been in the country over thirty years, and, with the exception of two members, were native Bulgarians. They were working for the spiritual development of the country, and meant to stay and aid him, in their way, to build up the Bulgarian people into a better life.

The Prince—who, by-the-way, speaks English with a decided German accent, but has a fair vocabulary at command—invited by his manner a description of our work, our methods, and the mission stations. After I had gone over the chief characteristics of the mission, he told me, in a plain and almost jocular way, his own difficulties in endeavoring to establish a little plan of worship of his own confession. His words were memorable, and are typical of the usual difficulties of a new ruler endeavoring to retain his faith in the midst of a people of another confession. His subjects are of the Russo-Greek Church, but, according to the constitution, he can retain his Lutheran belief; but should he have heirs, they must be educated in the doctrines of the people. He said that, Lutheran as he was, he had found it impossible to establish public worship in Sophia, his capital, according to the dictates of his own conscience. He had even tried to build a little Lutheran chapel near his palace, but had completely failed, owing to the antipathy of the people to such a Protestant innovation.

He gave me an opportunity to explain to him the relation of our missionaries and the members of their communion to his government. I assured him that they were thoroughly loyal, that, besides their sharing fully the national feeling, our Book of Discipline enjoined obedience to the temporal authorities wherever our members might be citizens. Knowing that his secretary and several other attachés of his court had been students of Robert College, I told him of the important relation which America, one of whose citizens had founded that institution, held to the country over which he reigned. Its graduates had already been scattered over the land, and were holding some of its prominent offices of civil trust. More than that, an American gentleman who was a professor there—the Rev. Dr. Long—was himself a member of our ministry, and his pen had been one of the first and strongest potencies to expose the Bulgarian atrocities which first awakened the sympathy of Europe, and led to the independence of his country. He expressed himself as fully aware already of the important relation of that college to his country. I told him now what gave him more satisfaction than any other communication I was able to make, namely, that in the struggle for the independence of Bulgaria our American people sympathized fully with the Russians in their efforts to secure the autonomy of Bulgaria. This he did not seem to have been aware of, or at least had not considered. But the pleasure he exhibited at the thought of the fact was keen, and led him to greater freedom of expression.

He spoke of his present relation to the Russians. Here the ruler disappeared in the man, and he expressed his thoughts at the existing want of cordiality on the part of the Russian government with a candor which betrayed his great sorrow, and at the same time his fears for the future. His precise words are still in my mind, and while he did not enjoin secrecy, they had too important a bearing on the most recent history of the Prince and Russia's now pronounced antagonism to him to be reproduced. The fact is, Prince Alexander, so long as his government was personal, was a Russian favorite. He had fought with the Russian army for the freedom of Bulgaria, was a nephew of the late Empress of Russia, and was Russia's choice for the crown of new Bulgaria. But it remains a fact that Alexander was a Battenberg, and therefore a German, and that his lessons since his accession had been coming from Berlin rather than St. Petersburg. This last crime was enough to forfeit Russia's sympathy, and hence the sword which had made Bulgaria free has, in these last days, done nothing to render it one.

When I was about withdrawing, the Prince said: "Now, you are a Methodist, and I am a Lutheran. Tell me, what is the difference between your faith and mine?"

My stay had already been too protracted for

an audience, according to the code, but at this last intimation toward further conversation, I remained a while longer. We talked about consubstantiation and some other doctrines of the Lutheran faith, as distinguished from the Armenian system, when I took leave. My companion, Professor Ecmouroff, frequently participated in the conversation. His presence seemed especially pleasant to Alexander, but, in view of his Bulgarian citizenship, I was greatly surprised at the Prince's warmth and freedom of speech; for it is the way, I believe, of princes to say to foreigners things they would not think of uttering in presence of a subject.

Prince Alexander is a fine specimen of physical manhood: tall, muscular, calm, and with a welcoming and winning expression, he is a model of princely bearing. His dash and daring, now proven afresh at the head of his victorious troops, will give him a new hold on the affections of his people. If peace comes soon, he is likely to be more firmly on his throne than formerly. But the Balkan people are fickle, and the least adversity causes the crown to fall on another head. The European royalty and nobility look with little favor on him, as, like his brother Henry, the husband of Beatrice of England, he is the scion of only a morganatic marriage. He is not married as yet, and rumor says that he has made a vain suit for the hand of a Hohenzollern at Berlin. But when peace comes, with new laurels on his brow, and with his sceptre still in hand, even a victory in this new field will not be hard to win. He will be an attraction in any court. More than any ruler I have seen he reminded me in his appearance of Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Prussia.

What gave me more pleasure than any other words he spoke was a strong assurance that so long as he wore the Bulgarian crown, the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church should never be disturbed in his country. This, he substantially declared, was not alone his wish, but a necessity, as they shared with all other confessions the perfect religious liberty which his constitution guarantees to every faith.

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

It's all very well to be jolly
When everything's going just right;
When, in summer skies showing no hint of
A shadow, the sun's shining bright;
When around you your merry friends cluster
With many a laugh-bringing jest,
And wherever you turn you discover
The world in its gala robes dressed.
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When mirth-loving spirits have fled;
When your path is in gloominess shrouded,
And the tempest bursts over your head;
When fainter hearts beg you to cheer them,
Though your own heart be lonely and drear,
And you scarce can help doubting if ever
The darkness will quite disappear.

The bird that sings sweetly when golden
The earth is and gentle the wind,
When the bees hum their joy o'er the honey
That, hid in the flowers, they find,
When, vying in beauty and fragrance,
Red roses and white lilies grow,
And butterflies, splendid in raiment,
Through their airy realm flit to and fro,
Is a dear little songster; but dearer
Is the bird that its joy-giving strain
Undaunted trills loudly and gayly
In spite of the chill and the rain;
For that to be jolly 'tis easy
In sunshine there isn't a doubt;
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When there's naught to be jolly about.

STEPHEN BARKER GUION.

A PORTRAIT is published in this issue of the late Mr. STEPHEN BARKER GUION, who died suddenly of apoplexy at Liverpool, England, on the 19th of December, 1885. Although a resident of Liverpool since 1850, the early part of Mr. GUION's life was spent in this city, and he may properly be classed as having been among the successful business men of New York, his name having been made familiar in connection with one of the great transatlantic steam-ship lines.

Mr. GUION was born in New York, June 17, 1820. He could lay claim to being of good old American stock, his ancestors having settled in this country two centuries ago, and his grandfather having won a measure of distinction during the Revolutionary war. After having received a thorough common-school education, he entered into partnership, while still a young man, with JOHN S. WILLIAMS. This was in 1843. The firm of WILLIAMS & GUION, thus early established, remained in corporate existence up to within less than three years ago, and its history is coincident with the growth of Atlantic travel during the last forty years.

At the time of the establishment of the firm of WILLIAMS & GUION, the largest part—in fact nearly all—of the business of transportation between this country and Europe was done in sailing vessels. By establishing a line of fast sailing packets between New York and Liverpool, which was known in those days as the "Black Star Line," WILLIAMS & GUION jumped into almost immediate popularity, not only with the travelling public, but with shippers of freight as well. The speed of the WILLIAMS & GUION clippers, which were American built boats, gained an enviable reputation for the line, which soon had a fleet of eighteen vessels in operation. Old sailors still delight to talk of the quick passages that were made forty years ago by the *Adelaide*, the *John Bright*, the *Universe*, the *Cultivator*, and their sister vessels of the Black Star Line.

In the year 1866 WILLIAMS & GUION determined to abandon sailing vessels, and launched their first steamer, the *Manhattan*. It was not long after this until the old packets were entirely superseded by steam craft.

Mr. STEPHEN BARKER GUION had several years before this left America to take up a permanent residence at Liverpool—the other end of the WILLIAMS & GUION route. As a testimonial of his devotion to the city which his business interests had compelled him to forsake, Mr. GUION presented to New York the bronze figure representing "Commerce" which is to-day one of the art treasures of Central Park. Mr. JOHN S. WILLIAMS, the head of the firm of WILLIAMS & GUION, died in 1876, and Mr. S. B. GUION then became the senior partner and directing manager. He continued to reside in Liverpool, leaving the management of the New York offices to WILLIAM HENRY GUION, his brother. During all this time the efforts of the well-known ocean-travel firm were in the direction of increased steam-ship speed, and the feats accomplished, as, for instance, in the construction of the *Arizona*, which when built was the fastest vessel on the Atlantic, are too fresh in the mind of the public to need more than passing mention.

The firm of WILLIAMS & GUION was finally dissolved at the time of the settlement of the WILLIAMS estate in 1883, and the vessels of the fleet passed into other hands. The firm of GUION & Co. succeeded the old house, and Mr. WILLIAM HENRY GUION, Jun., who resides in this city, is now at the head of this firm. It was the custom of Mr. STEPHEN B. GUION to visit this country every year, and his death has occasioned much sorrow in New York.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE VETERANS.

THE Bureau of Employment and Emergency of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Brooklyn, has on its roll of indigents one hundred and fifty veterans and widows of veterans. Last Christmas a special dinner was given to them out of the emergency fund of this bureau; but this Christmas the idea was conceived to give the dinner the significance of a children's expression of gratitude to those who had suffered for the defense of the nation, and the pupils of the public schools of the city were asked to contribute vegetables. On the two or three days before Christmas barrels were placed at the schools to receive these offerings. The children took such pride in thus contributing to the comfort of the indigent veterans that when their offerings were collected it was found that they had given enough for a Christmas dinner for many times the number; and although the request was merely for vegetables, they gave fruits and meats and delicacies as well. The students of the Polytechnic Institute made a contribution in money, with which the committee bought chickens.

On the day before Christmas the veterans, or the children or the widows of those who are dead or were unable to leave home, came with their baskets to the store-room of the committee, and received as heavy loads of both substantials and delicacies as they could carry away. While the dinners were distributed some of the school-children stood by to see the men who received their gifts, and they gave with their offerings wishes for a happy Christmas. The store of vegetables that was left will be given to the indigent as they need it. The children took so much pleasure in making this appropriate offering that by the special request of many of the donors this pretty method not only of making the old soldiers comfortable on Christmas, but also of reminding them that the people's gratitude is transmitted from generation to generation, is likely to be continued as long as there is a needy veteran or a veteran's needy widow in Brooklyn.

THE NANTICOKE DISASTER.

A BLAST fired in one of the mines of the Susquehanna Coal Company at Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, on Friday morning, December 18, 1885, brought down the whole roof of the chamber, followed by a flood of water, culm, or coal-dust, and quicksand. Between six and seven hundred men and boys were below ground at the time, most of whom escaped. It was soon learned, however, that twenty-eight men, ten of whom were Poles and Hungarians, the others being Welsh, Irish, or American workmen, were imprisoned in the flooded mine. Work was at once suspended in all the other collieries, and six thousand brawny miners offered their services to effect a rescue. One hundred of the mightiest men were sent down into the black hole with shovels and picks. Before them, blocking up the gangways and passages, were immense piles of mud, culm, and quicksand, through which water, in search of the lower levels, incessantly trickled. With the memory of Sugar Notch in 1880, when five men were buried for six days and nights, and finally rescued alive, stimulating their hopes and nerving their arms, the Nanticoke miners toiled with unceasing exertion. Around the mouth of the mine ten thousand dismayed men, women, and children were collected, receiving the news of the progress of the men below with mingled cheers and sobs.

From Friday noon until the following Monday evening the work of removing the débris was continued without interruption. The difficulties were tremendous, but the courage or the strength of the miners never flagged. Culm and quicksand filled the gangways to the roof with the remains of broken cars, timbers and mine props cemented in the unyielding mass. Although the suspension of work at the other collieries meant the idleness of six thousand men and boys, and a loss of 35,000 tons of coal daily to the coal trade, nobody thought of that—all thoughts were directed solely toward the unfortunate men entombed alive in the mine. The discovery in a chamber near to the one in which the break had occurred of three mules alive after an imprisonment of thirty-six hours kindled afresh the hopes of the people for the ultimate rescue of the buried men. Shortly before midnight on Monday, however, came a calamity which extinguished all hope. A second fall of culm and quicksand had occurred in the workings, filling the slope up which the brave rescue party had been toiling, and rendering all their heroic labor of the past three days vain. Accompanying the slide was a dense volume of deadly fire-damp, which quickly filled all portions of the mine, making further work for the time impossible, and forcing the rescue party to retreat to the surface. This fall seemed to show that the workings beyond the slope in which it had been hoped that the men were imprisoned were choked with dirt and filled with deadly gases.

There are at this writing a few people who pretend to believe that the imprisoned miners are still alive and are subsisting upon mule-flesh, but it is doubtful, considering the looseness of the culm, if even the dead bodies of some of these unfortunates will ever be recovered.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THOSE who send postal cards find them convenient, no doubt. Not much handwriting of ordinary size will go upon them, and they are quickly finished. There is no stamp to be affixed, and no sealing to be done. Half a dozen lines of scribbling, the rapid conduct of a signature through its familiar evolutions, and the thing is finished. To some senders, again, the postal is recommended by its cheapness. There are people of ample means who would rather expose a confidence to the world for one cent than secrete it in an envelope for two. The person who gets the postal is the one who is likely to be squeamish about it. Of course he does not have to pay the postage or perform the work, and he can afford to be nice. He it is who refuses to believe the sophistry that postals are not read by all who handle them, and who stigmatizes the convenient card as the "penny dreadful."

The largest American cannon throws a ball weighing 1080 pounds—almost as much as a ton of New York coal.

A town law in Weimar commands the windows to be shut in every house containing a piano when the piano is in use. This is a bold blow aimed at a delicate art. The restraint that the law imposes is not in itself especially irksome, unless, maybe, in the few very warm days of summer-time, but it is offensive to the soul of a piano-player. The idea that his melody will not be allowed out-doors under penalty of a fine is obnoxious, because it presents the melody as a nuisance generally deprecated of men. Similar precautions are taken against dogs during the rage of Sirius, and it is owing to restrictions of a like character that populous communities of late years have been rid of fish-horns. Weimar has come to be a considerable school of music, and it is probable that the piano law is really directed against the "one, two, three, four" of pupils, which certainly becomes a very painful movement when it is zealously continued, and one calculated to set a town of narrow streets and easy echoes like Weimar a good deal on edge. But the law makes no exceptions, and Wagner and the first principles are equally shut up.

Persons happening across a newspaper paragraph which declared that railroad accidents and kerosene lamp explosions were beneficial to the human race, because they definitely assisted in the removal of weak and inferior persons, would be apt to suspect that they were reading a bit of comic literature whose fun was somewhat lacking in delicacy. A great many of them, very likely, would get the same impressions on reading that drunkenness was a good thing for the same reasons. Still, the idea is treated at length in an article recently contained in a medical journal, and readers would err in suspecting that the writer intended any fun. "The alcoholic road to self-extermination," he says, "is one of the most speedy ways of destroying the weak and inferior, and although some who select this road are brilliant specimens of mental power, yet as a whole they are weak and unworthy of preservation. The certainty and celerity with which intemperance destroys the weak and wicked classes of society favorably recommend it over the ordinary methods of to-day in the administering of justice." The suggestion in the closing sentence of the foregoing is altogether novel. It means, of course, that alcohol should be the agent employed in cases of capital punishment. The scheme somehow reminds one a little of the treatment of geese in Strasburg, but undoubtedly criminals could be fed with alcohol in such a way that the end would be more or less speedily brought about. Whether such means of removal would suggest itself to a great many persons as delightful, and would encourage them to the commission of capital crimes in order to assure themselves of its enjoyment, is a question which the author of the idea does not discuss, and which anyway would have to be discussed without the support of facts, inasmuch as no government in the world, so far as is known, is in the habit of putting its capital prisoners to death by alcoholic process.

It is announced that "the Prince of Wales is at liberty to wear seventy different uniforms." The advantage of the Prince over seventy of the rank and file of her Majesty's army is that he is at liberty to wear his uniforms, and is not compelled to wear them.

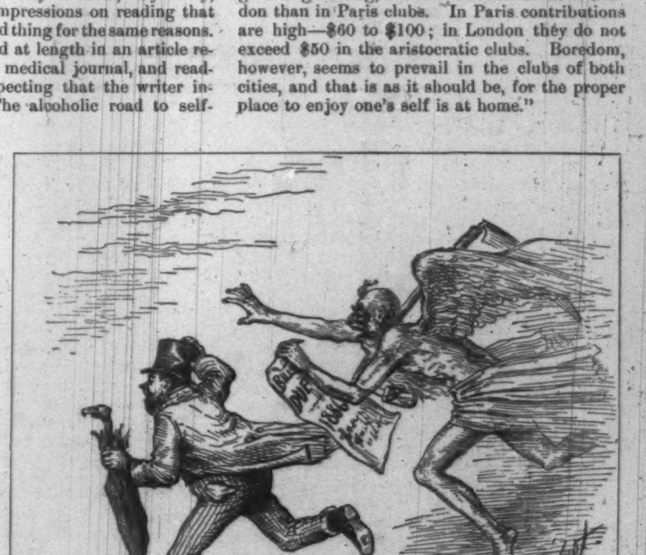
If Congressmen answer all the letters they get, there are reasons indeed why the franking privilege should be allowed to remain with them. An Indiana member has recently revealed the contents of two of the letters sent to him. One said: "Dear Sir,—My husband left me seven years ago, and I have not heard from him since. Will you please go to the Census Office, get his present address, and send it to me?" The other letter contained a request from a constituent that the member would write to the American Minister at Rome, asking him to send on an Italian queen-bee.

A Western newspaper tells a story of a doctor whose watch stopped as he was feeling the pulse of a patient. The patient died. Some time afterward the doctor was again feeling the pulse of a patient, and again the watch stopped, and the patient died. A third patient, seeing the doctor about to take out his watch, cried, "Don't pull that on me!" but too late. The watch stopped, and the victim expired. It is a question, of course, whether all these patients would not have died if the watch had kept on going, but the community in which the doctor labored were not willing to test the matter in their own persons, and the doctor, after the third coincidence, found himself without practice.

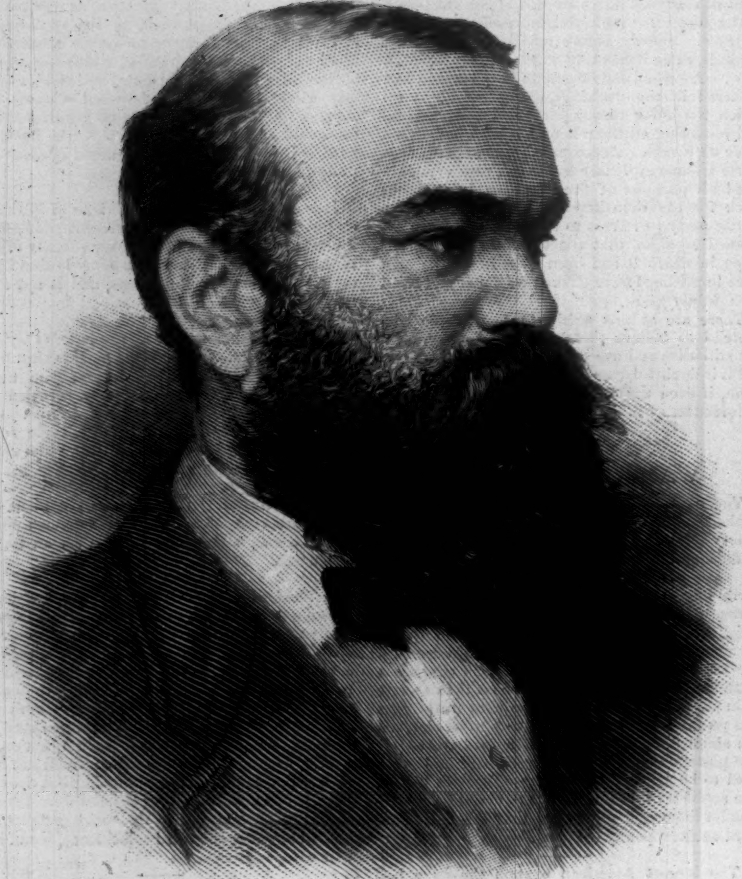
A grape-vine at Oys, in Portugal, is said to be the largest in the world. It has borne fruit every season since 1802, the largest yield having been in 1864, when it furnished grapes enough to make one hundred and sixty-five gallons of wine. In 1874 it furnished some twenty gallons less, and in 1884 its yield was only a little more than seventy-nine gallons. It spreads over 5315 square feet of ground, and the stem in its thickest part is six and a half feet around.

Thirty-four of the Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishermen lost their lives at sea last year. The year before, one hundred and thirty-one were lost. In the fifteen years previous the average yearly number of those that perished in storms on the fishing-banks was one hundred and twenty-four.

"The Englishman," says the Paris *Gaulois*, "is more 'at home' in his club than the Frenchman. There he carries on his correspondence, eats and drinks, makes his toilet, occasionally sleeps, receives his friends, and gives them dinners. One hears no laughter, no loud conversation; one knows not his neighbor, and avoids making his acquaintance. While a Frenchman in his club engages in a thousand conversations on questions of the day, the Englishman speaks only when he meets one of his friends, ignoring every one else. In London a club is a second home, where one takes his ease. In Paris it is a place where one seeks company and entertainment. At the Paris clubs guests are rarely invited to dine. In London the upper circles hardly have any other restaurant facilities. In regard to gambling, the rules are less strict in London than in Paris clubs. In Paris contributions are high—$60 to $100; in London they do not exceed $50 in the aristocratic clubs. Boredom, however, seems to prevail in the clubs of both cities, and that is as it should be, for the proper place to enjoy one's self is at home."



THE QUICKEST TIME ON RECORD.



PROFESSOR J. C. DRAPER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.

STEPHEN B. GUION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVIS GARBER, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

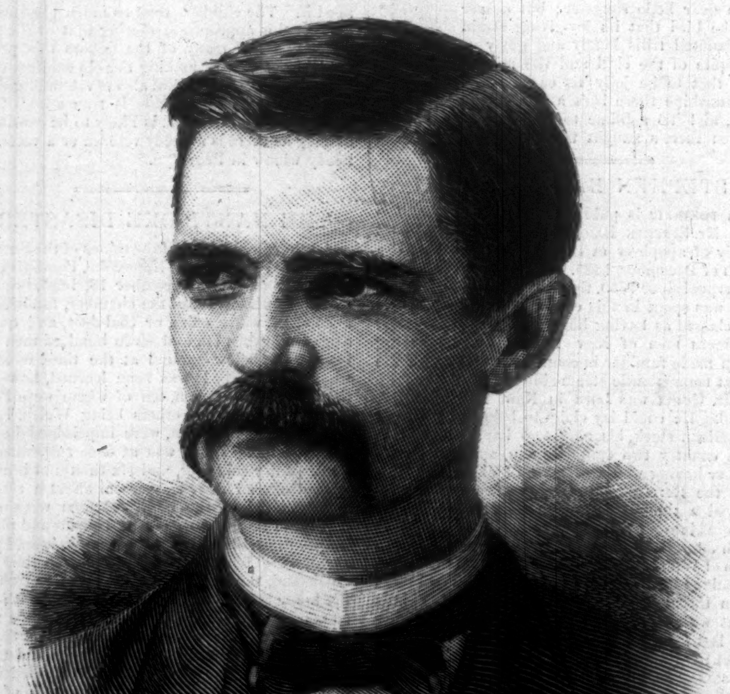
PROFESSOR JOHN CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, M.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR JOHN CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., the eldest son of the eminent scientist JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, was born in Virginia on the 31st of March, 1835. Entering the Grammar School of the University of the City of New York, he passed to its academic department, and leaving this in his Junior year, he entered its medical department, whence he was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine in 1856. After serving a year in Bellevue Hospital he went to Europe, and there continued his studies until 1858, when he returned to assume the Professorship of Analytical Chemistry in the University. In 1862 he served in Virginia with the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteers, but returning after the surrender at Harper's Ferry, he was in 1863 appointed Professor of Natural History in the College of the City of New York, and three years later was called to the chair of Chemistry in the medical department of the University, which positions he held at the time of his death, December 20, 1885. The late Professor was a member of the New York Academy of Medicine and of the Century Club. Besides other honors, he received in 1873 the degree of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College, Hartford.

Professor DRAPER was an earnest and untiring worker, believing in the complete classification and thorough perfection of all methods and experiments, even in the most minute details. These traits were shown not only in his teaching and original researches, but in the arrangement of the work of the departments with which he was concerned, thus aiding greatly in placing the University Medical College in its present high position, and giving to the College of the City of New York a fine working cabinet of typical specimens of natural history. In his lectures he was clear, concise, accurate, and apt in illustration, and his method of imparting knowledge was characteristic of the man. As an author he was well and favorably known abroad, as well as at home, by his text-books, magazine articles, and purely scientific papers, embodying many original researches in the fields of chemistry and physics.

Professor DRAPER leaves a widow, but no children. He was very happy in his home life, and his death will be keenly felt by all his friends.

HON. HUGH O'BRIEN, MAYOR OF BOSTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE REV. SAM JONES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THUSS, KOELLEIN & GIERS, NASHVILLE.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

ISSUING CHRISTMAS DINNERS TO THE VETERANS IN BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

THE SUNFLOWER.

The æsthetic movement contributed largely to the culture of the sunflower. We were informed by a seedsman recently that the sale of sunflower seeds for ordinary garden purposes has greatly increased both in this country and in England during the past few years.

The common tall sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*) is said to have derived its name of sunflower from its resemblance to the radiant beams of the sun, and not, as is popularly supposed and celebrated by poets, from its flowers turning to face the sun—a delusion fostered by Darwin, Moore, and Thomson, the latter of whom tells us that, unlike most of the flowery race,

"The lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamor'd bosom to its ray."

In his book on *Plant Lore*, etc., Mr. Folkard informs us that "the helianthus has also been falsely identified with the sunflower of classical story—the flower into which poor Clytie was transformed when, heart-broken at the desertion of her lover, Phœbus, she became rooted to the ground, and became, according to Ovid, metamorphosed into a flower resembling a violet. 'Held firmly by the root, she still turns to the sun she loves and changed herself; she keeps her love unchanged.' Now the helianthus, or modern sunflower, could not have been the blossom mentioned by Ovid, inasmuch as it is not a European plant, and was not known in his day. In its native country of Peru the helianthus is said to have been much reverenced on account of the resemblance borne by its radiant blossoms to the sun, which luminary was worshipped by the Peruvians. In their temple of the sun the officiating priestesses were crowned with sunflowers of pure gold, and they wore them in their bosoms and carried them in their hands. The early Spanish invaders of Peru found in these temples of the sun numerous representations of the sunflower in virgin gold, the workmanship of which was so exquisite that it far outvalued the precious metal of which they were formed."

The sunflower is turned to many economic uses. It furnishes the finest honey and wax. When the seed is crushed as linseed is, it will produce the finest oils in larger quantities in proportion to any other seed for the table as well as the painter, particularly in mixing green and blue paints. The cake is superior to linseed for fattening cattle; the oil makes the finest soap, very softening to the hands and face, superior to any other for shaving. Sheep, pigs, pigeons, rabbits, poultry of all sorts, etc., will fatten rapidly upon it, and prefer its seed to any other, pheasants in particular, causing them to have a much more glossy plumage, and become plumper in body. When shelled the seed makes, when ground, the finest flour for bread, particularly tea-cakes.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Dr. N. S. Read, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia, and diminished vitality."—[*Adv.*]

HUMAN CALVES.

An exchange says: "Nine tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint, or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases, and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, *as a Remedy for Consumption.*—Dr. H. J. Pratt, Montello, Wisconsin, says: "After a thorough test of over two years, I voluntarily recommend Scott's Emulsion to those afflicted with consumption."—[*Adv.*]

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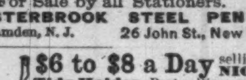

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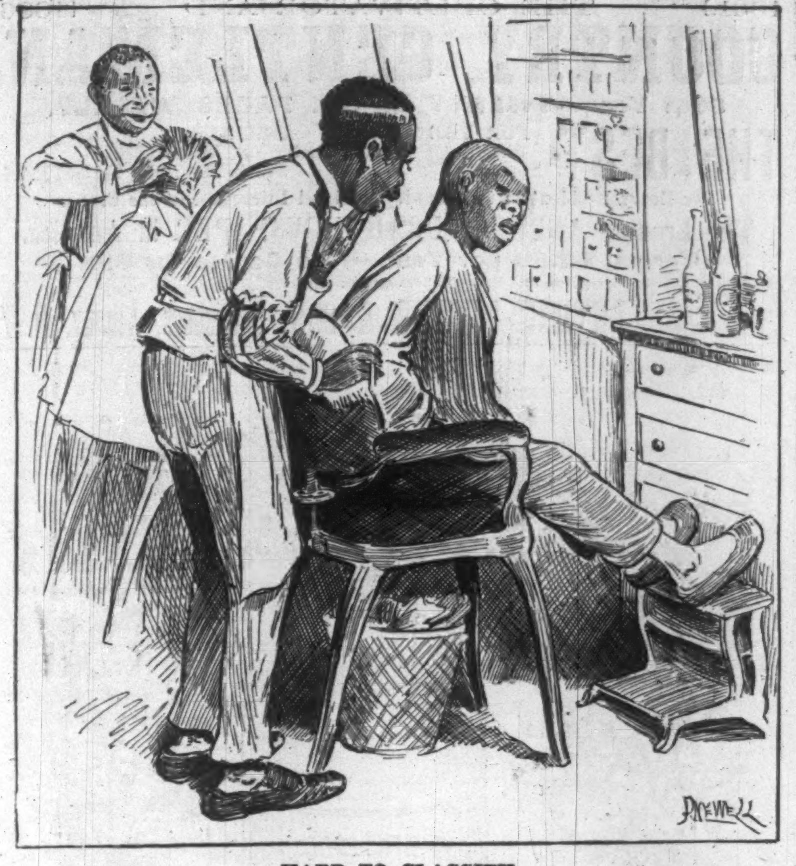

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